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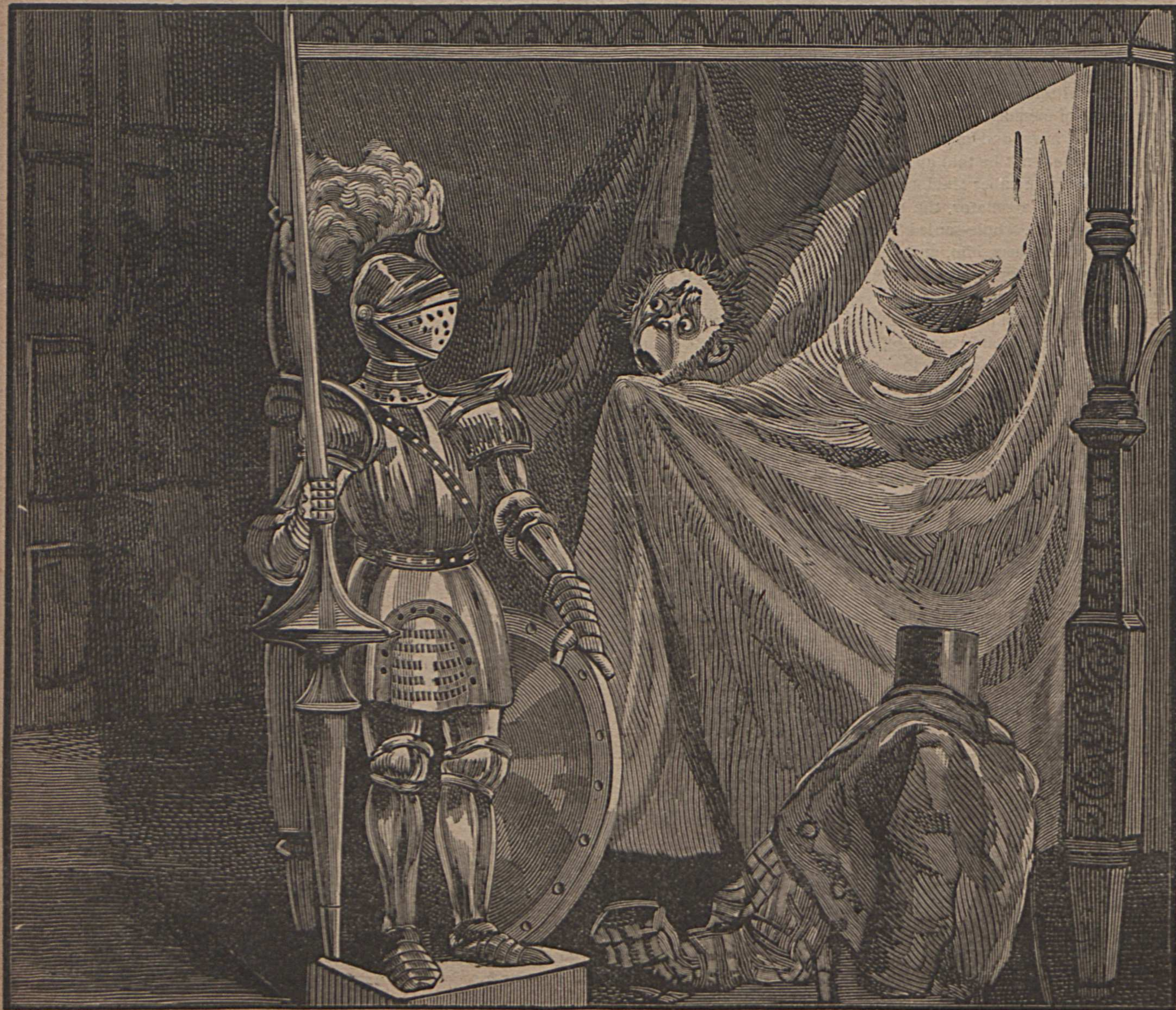
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## MULDOON IN IRELAND; Or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod. BY TOM TEASER.



"Kape off, ye Irish ghost, or I'll make junk av yer sheet-iron suit av clothes!" gasped Muldoon. "Pwhat do yez want av me, annyhow?"



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# MULDOON IN IRELAND;

OR,

## THE SOLID MAN ON THE OLD SOD.

By TOM TEASER.

Author of "The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus," "Jim, Jack and Jim," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

"Be heavens, Bedalia, I can't stand it any longer. I'm goin' to Ireland."

That is what Muldoon said to his wife.

Now, for goodness' sake, don't ask me who Muldoon is.

Haven't I written stories enough about him to have his mere name call up a host of memories?

To be sure I have, and many more might have been written, and still the half would not be told about this marvelous man.

Who does not remember Muldoon, the Solid Man, the alderman, the famous traveler, the senator, the mine owner, the landlord, the philosopher, the genial, whole-souled Terrence Muldoon?

Everybody remembers him, and yet it may not be amiss to sketch briefly his career, before I proceed to business and tell about my hero's adventures in Ireland.

Terrence Muldoon is an Irishman, who came over to this country a poor lad some forty odd years ago, and by pluck and perseverance, honesty and hard work, arose to the position of keeper of a boarding-house down-town, made many friends, acquired considerable property, was made alderman, fell heir to a big estate out West, went abroad, was made senator on his return, and seemed to be on the high road to fame and fortune.

Then a series of unfortunate speculations made him poor again, and he was forced to seek a position on the police force, but here good luck attended him, he received a large reward for recovering some stolen property, set up a grocery store, made more money, inherited a gold mine out in Dakota from his grandfather, went around the world, sold his down-town property to advantage and bought a hotel up-town, which he finally turned into an apartment house and ran it at a large profit, besides owning his own house, a yacht, no end of horses, a private car for his use when on base-ball trips, and lots of other things besides.

That's Muldoon, and now to go on with his adventures.

First we will mention Mrs. Muldoon, his wife, Roger, his son, Bills his private secretary, Nibsey, his page, Frills, his butler and Norah, the cook, and thus we are all ready to set sail.

I said something just now about Muldoon's yacht, and as it will have more or less to do with our story, I may as well tell you just what it was.

It was a steam affair, big enough to accommodate a party of a dozen persons besides a captain and crew, was filled up with every luxury, not to mention conveniences, and was good enough and strong enough to go around the world in.

It had belonged to a sportive Wall street king who had failed, or died, or done something so that he had no further use for it, and Muldoon had bought it at a joking suggestion of Roger's.

"Better buy it, pop," the rascally young fellow had said, "and go over and free Ireland."

"Be heavens! I will buy it!" said Muldoon, "and then sell it to the Home Rule party at double what I ped for it. Ireland must be free at any cost."

He did buy the yacht, simply as a speculation at first, but afterwards he conceived the idea of taking a trip across the ocean and traveling through Ireland, which he had not visited since his departure from its shores years before.

He had been abroad more than once since that time, but something had always conspired against his visiting the land of his birth, so that he always went home without having caught more than a glimpse of it.

Now, however, he had a ship of his own, his time was at his disposal, he had money enough to buy Ireland if necessary, or at any rate, a good solid fortune, and he determined that the dream of years should at last be an accomplished reality.

His wife was delighted, Roger had no objections, the family retainers were satisfied and there was nothing to prevent it.

"It'll be a good thing for me," said Muldoon, "for I can shake all the barnacles av the family and be a free mon."

"Sure it's binnacles yez mean, Terry, darlint," said his wife.

"I do not, me Inniskillen fairy. I mean just what I said."

"But sure there's a binnacle on every ship, Terry."

"Yis, I know there is, me Ballynahinch bog trotther, but thim is useful appurtenances while barnacles only ann'y yez, diminish yer speed and are a nuisance ginerally."

"Oh, yis, I see. Yez used the terrum in an allegatorial sinse?"

"Yis, me walking lexicon, I did, but yez would betther say allegorical while yez are about it. Will I niver tache yez to appropriate the fitting expression when ye spake?"

"Ah, go on wid yer learnin' and nonsense. Yez wor ignor'nt yerself once. It wor marryin' me that elivated ye."

"Go on. I was a man av taste and refoinmint long before I iver met yez, Bedalia."

"Ye wor not."

"Yis, I wor."

"I deny it. Yez had no taste at all whin yez married me."

Muldoon laughed.

"Ye're quite right, Bedalia, it wor a great mistake an me part, but still I don't regret it. Yez have greatly improved since that time, me jool."

"Go an wid yer nonsense," cried Mrs. Muldoon, who never could get angry at her husband.

"To return to an original remark," pursued Muldoon. "I said we wud get rid av the family barnacles. I alluded to me brother Dan and his vinegar-faced woife, to me sister Mary Ann and her ould bum av a husband, the Honorable Michael Growler and their two brats, the young tarriers, and likewise to Mr. Burns, the lunatic pote, Mr. Edward Geoghegan, the wockin' diligate, and the whole gang av thim."



"And who's going to sail the ship, Terry?" asked his wife. "Could Roger do it?"

"He could not, me Blarney beauty and I wudn't let em av he could. Be heavens, he'd be takin' uz to China or the Canarybird Islands instead av to Ireland, just for a joke, the young robber."

"Thin what makes yer take him at all, Mr. Muldoon, av yez have so poor an opinion av him?" retorted Mrs. Muldoon, who never would have any disparaging remark made concerning her son.

"Faix, only becos there's a remote chance av the bye's bein' dhrowned, me leddy woife," answered Muldoon, with a grin, "and I'm willin' to take the chances."

"Terrence Muldoon, you're a brute and a falsifier, and if anything happens to my son Roger, I'll haunt yez night and day as long as yez live."

"Never moind Roger," laughed Muldoon. "Troth, he can take good care av himsilf, I'm thinking."

The Solid Man never said a truer word.

Roger could indeed take care of himself.

The man that got ahead of that wide awake youth had to sit up all night and then he wouldn't.

He was nobby, handsome, agreeable in manners, full of fun, a dandy for business and always ready for a lark.

He had played more snaps on that stepfather of his than you could count, and yet Muldoon was always walking into his traps and giving him chances to play jokes on him without half trying.

For all that, Muldoon liked him and so did every one else, for you couldn't help it, there was such a taking way about the young scamp.

Roger engaged a captain and crew for the voyage, and everything promised well, the sailing day being set, the yacht provisioned for a long voyage, and everything done that was needed.

The family went on board, the yacht's clearance papers had already been made out, and, at an early hour of a lovely day in May, the America set sail for the shores of Ireland.

The yacht had been called by some fancy name, but Muldoon could not pronounce it, and he ordered her re-christened.

"And phwat will yez call her, Terry?" asked his wife.

"Be heavens, what betther name cud I call her than the name av the finest counthry in the worruld, the land av the free and the home av the brave, America, the gim av the ocean, the pride av the say, the refuge av the oppressed, the country av me adoption, and the only place where a mon can get a fair price for his vote and no questions axed. Yis, me dear, we'll call the ship America, and long may she float, good luck to her."

As I have said, the yacht set sail and went flying down the bay at a lively rate, all hands being in the best of spirits.

As they were going through the Narrows, Mrs. Muldoon, who was on deck, scanning the horizon through a field glass, said:

"Luk there, Terry, there's another yacht coming afther us. Maybe she thinks she can catch up wid us."

"Be heavens thin, she cannot," answered Muldoon. "We have a speed av eighteen moiles, and av that's not sufficient, I'll have it augmented to twinty. Nothin' but an ocean greyhound shall bate us av I know mesilf."

Out they went, but the other vessel seemed to be crowding on steam as the thick, black smoke which now poured from her funnels seemed to indicate.

"Troth they do be tryin' to catch us, I do believe," said Muldoon. "Roger, go phwistle down the tube to the injineer to make her go faster."

"All right, pop," and away went the young rascal, but not upon the errand Muldoon had given him.

He knew all about that vessel behind, but he wasn't telling anything.

Presently the other vessel whistled furiously.

"Yis, yez can phwistle av yez likes," laughed Muldoon, "but that only wastes steam and yez'll not catch us that way, me bye."

On they sped, and again the other vessel whistled and appeared to be gaining.

She displayed signal flags also, and Muldoon remarked:

"Yis, it all lucks very purty, me bye, but flags is not sails, and av yez want to come up wid us ye'll have to pit an more canvas, so yez do."

Just then Captain Brooks came from the pilot-house and said:

"Mr. Muldoon, the pilot says he will have to stop. That's a revenue cutter behind us."

"Well, phwat av it? Our papers are all regular, aren't they?"

"Yes, but they wouldn't signal us unless something was wrong."

"Faix, yez tuck eout the papers yersilf and yez ought to know if they wor right or not."

"Yes, but it must be something else or they would not signal to us like that."

Just then the bell rang to stop the vessel and the whistle blew.

"Phwat's that?" asked Muldoon.

"The pilot is stopping the vessel."

"For phwat?"

"I suppose the revenue officers will come on board."

"For why?" demanded Muldoon. "Sure, they can't make me pay juty for anything I carry out?"

"Of course not, but maybe——"

"Well, maybe what?"

"You haven't got any escaped convicts on board have you?"

"I have not, unless ye're wan."

"Or any escaping bank cashiers, have you?"

"No, sir, I have not, I'm an honest man, be heavens, an American citizen and a gentleman, and I don't associate wid robbers."

"Well, something is the matter, anyhow, and we'll soon find out what it is. Hold on, you've no idea of trying to take Canada, have you?"

"No, sor, I don't want it. Do yez think I run a confectionery shop and need ice? That's all the good Canada wud do me."

"Well, you might want to do something to hurt England. You're an Irishman, you know."

"I am, sor, but I'm not a dom fool for all thot."

"You haven't done anything yourself, have you, robbed a bank, passed bad money or been singing 'Comrades' or 'Annie Rooney'?"

"No, sor, the only thing I sing is the 'Shtar Spangled Banner' and I aren't much at that."

"What's the matter, pop?" asked Roger, joining the group.

"That's what I want to know."

Then Mrs. Muldoon came along.

"Sure, yez won't bate the other shteamer at all, Terry," she complained. "Whativer ails yez, shtoppin' on the road like this?"

"I don't know, Bedalia. Yez'll hov to ax the pirate 'up there in the wheel-house. It's a mystery to me intoirely."

A few moments later the government boat ran alongside and a pompous looking duck, all blue and brass with white whiskers and a red nose stepped on board.

"Who is Terrence Muldoon?" he demanded, with an air of owning all the ocean.

"That's me, sor, and I'd like to ax ye why in the name av St. Pether yez shtop me boat just afther we've shtarted. Don't yez know I was thryin' to bate the record?"

"You are the person who has chartered this vessel?" demanded the other, with a lot of dignity and lugs and all that.

"Chartered her? Yes, and bo't her outright, me buck. Phwat do yez want, anyhow?"

"You are an Irishman?"

"Yis, and I'm glad av it. Yez luck to be ould, be the white slugs ye wear, unless ye've bleached thim, but age doesn't seem to have bro't ye sinse, so it don't."

"Be careful, sir," snorted the other. "Remember that I am an officer of the United States government."

"I respect that a dom sight more than I do ye, me frind, so have an ind to yer qeshions and come to business. What do yez want?"

"You have a quantity of arms and ammunition on board, which you propose taking to the Salvadorians."

"Ye're a liar, I have not, nor to anny wan ilse."

"Oh, glory, av there's muskets on boord I'll not shtay another minyute," cried Mrs. Muldoon. "Sure, we'll all be blowed up before we know where we are."

The officer now produced a copy of a morning paper and handed it to Captain Brooks, being greatly offended at Muldoon.

"Read that!" he said, trying to be dramatic but only looking ridiculous.

"That," was marked with a blue pencil and ran thus:

"It is understood that a prominent Irishman of this city is about to sail for Central America with a cargo of arms and ammunition in-



tended for the insurgents. He will also make himself president with the intention of seizing the Nicaragua Canal and eventually attaching Ireland to the United States."

Captain Brooks laughed.

"That's one on you," he said. "It was meant for Muldoon but you've got it."

"Who put that in the paper, annyhow?" asked Muldoon. "I've a mind to go back and sue thim for libel."

"I demand that the vessel be searched," said the officer. "If those arms and that ammunition are on board I——"

"Nonsense," interrupted the captain. "Here are our clearance papers. I took them out myself. We have no arms on board and we are not going to Salvador. Can't you see that this thing is a hoax?"

No, he could not, for he was too much puffed up with a sense of his own dignity.

"Begob, I only wish there wor arrums on board," snapped Muldoon. "I'd blow ye out av wather if I had the means."

"I shall have to take you into custody until the affair is investigated," said the officer.

"You can't do it," said Captain Brooks. "Our papers are regular and that is all you want to know. If you detain us it will cost you your position."

"It's all right," said Roger. "The thing is only a hoax. Have a cigar?"

"You're the only gentleman on board," said Whiskers, pompously. "Thank you," and he took half of the cigars in the box which Roger held out.

"Wor this wan av yer snaps, Roger?" asked Muldoon, when the dignitary had departed.

"Honest Injun, no pop, it wasn't," said the young fellow.

"Well, it's a good thing for ye it wor not, or ye'd be landed an the barren shores av Jersey, and be obligated to wock to Ireland, and the wockin' is bad at this saison."

"Say, boss, I kin tell yer who worked der racket," said a young fellow in green, with lots of buttons and a head of fiery red hair.

This was Nibbsey, Mrs. Muldoon's page, and general utility man to Muldoon himself.

"Well, sor, who wor it?" asked our yachtsman.

"Do yer want ter know, boss?" asked Nibbsey, with a grin, while his auburn locks twinkled.

"Yis, I do."

"You must ask of der man in de moon, boss," returned that warm-headed youth, skipping out, singing the latest song.

He was a great singer, was Nibbsey, and he had a song and dance of his own, containing ninety-nine verses by actual count, up to date, and goodness only knows how many more to follow.

"Go an, ye rid-headed snip," muttered Muldoon, as the boy descended to the cabin. "If yez don't want me to have a murder an me hands, yez will kape away from me for the rist av the day, be heavens!"

Roger knew, or suspected, who had played that revenue joke on his pop.

It was Bills, the private secretary, a solemn looking fellow, who would never be thought capable of playing practical jokes, but who, nevertheless, on occasions did indulge mildly in that sort of thing.

"Bills is beginning early," remarked young Roger, as he walked forward. "I shall have to give him one for himself. I am the only one on this craft authorized to play rackets on the governor, and he'd better understand it."

The voyage had been resumed, and before long the America was outside, speeding down towards Sandy Hook and the open sea.

At dinner time the family sat down to a bounteous repast, Muldoon and his wife, Captain Brooks, Roger and Bills comprising the company, with Frills, the man who was never seen without a dress suit, and Nibbsey, the red-headed, to wait upon them.

Bills, the private secretary, was about to convey a spoonful of hot soup to his mouth when Roger suddenly exclaimed:

"By Jove! I believe there's a fire on board!"

Bills scalded his mouth with the soup, stuck his hand in his plate in his excitement, and upset it in his lap, and then jumped up in the greatest terror.

Mrs. Muldoon screamed, Nibbsey began to do some jig steps, Frills

looked on calmly and unmoved, awaiting orders, and as Bills rushed from the table, he said:

"Where is the fire, ye young canary bird dude?"

"In the galley, to judge by this soup," remarked the young incorrigible.

Then nearly everybody smiled, all who were in the secret at least, and Bills returned somewhat crestfallen to his seat.

That's to pay for the one you worked off on pop, secretary," said Roger. "I claim a monopoly of that sort of thing you know."

"Well, I take me oat!" exclaimed Nibbsey. "That's a corker. Say, did yer ever hear this:

"Comrades, comrades, ever since we were kids,  
Sharing each other's butts and——"

Ting!

A sharp sound of the bell brought Nibbsey up with a round turn.

"Front!" bawled Muldoon, thinking of his old hotel-keeping days.

"All right, boss!"

"Go jump into the say, but, no, yez needn't, for av yez wint to singin' 'Comrades' to the mermaids, ould father Nipchune wud get that mad that we'd have a storrum that there'd be no living in it. No, stay where ye are, but kape that freckle-frescoed face av yours closed for the space av ten minyutes or I'll crack it, be heavens!"

"Troth, Roger, I think yez'd be ashamed to give an alarrum av fire at say," chided the young fellow's mother. "Yez gev me the population av the hairt, so yez did."

"Palpitation, me say birrud," corrected Muldoon.

"Well, whatever it is, I had it, and it was very wrong av Roger to do it."

"Yis," said Muldoon, "and there's wan thing in that young man's career that I have always regretted."

"Why, what's that, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, in motherly solicitude.

"The toime when he became too big to use yer slipper an um, be heavens! I wish it had niver arrived."

## CHAPTER II.

I now arrive at a sad stage in the otherwise happy voyage of our genial friend and celebrated traveler, Terrence Muldoon.

Globe trotter though he was, experienced sailor that he should have been, circumnavigator of the globe notwithstanding, there was always a time in all of Muldoon's voyages, no matter how frequent that might be, when he was forced to succumb for a time to that most provoking of complaints, that most uncompromising of maladies, seasickness.

If Muldoon had crossed the ocean twice a month for fifty years, there would have been at least one and possibly two days in each of those twelve hundred voyages in which he would have been made miserable by that totally indiscriminating ailment.

It had no respect for his reputation as a traveler, no regard for his fame as a philosopher, no compassion for his record as an office-holder, no consideration for his celebrity in the direction of genial friend, lucky speculator or brilliant *raconteur*, but seized him remorselessly as a victim every time he set foot upon the deep, as it were.

He had it this time as before, and he had it bad.

When they were a couple of days out he got it and it held him for two days.

Even Roger forbore to work snaps on him at such a time.

He was the most miserable man in the world and was glad of it.

"The next time I cross the ocean," he declared, between spasms, "I'll have a bridge built beforehand, for I niver cud stand this say-sickness."

"But yez'll have to come back again, Terry, afther seeing Ireland," said that Job's comforter, his wife.

Muldoon retired to the lee side of the vessel, the better to express his feelings at this remark.

If Roger did not play tricks on his father during this unhappy period, he certainly made up for it when it was over.

They had passed the banks, with their fogs and ground swells, dampness, seasickness and general unpleasantness and were now in blue water, out in mid ocean, with a bright sun shining, a fresh wind blowing and everybody in the best of spirits and with the heartiest of appetites.

It was just the right time to play snaps.



And Muldoon was the man of all men to play them on.

That's what Roger thought and he proceeded to follow his natural inclinations.

However, Muldoon got in the first snap, as he sometimes did.

There was one trouble which Muldoon had, notwithstanding his good health, his fine spirits, his clear conscience, his excellent appetite and his large bank account.

At times it caused the most serious apprehensions on the part of his family and again it was the source of the greatest hilarity.

It was no more nor less than a habit of walking in his sleep at irregular times and without any apparent reason.

Sometimes it did not happen for two or three years, occasionally it was once a year, and, in short, you could never tell when he might do it.

Consequently no one was ever prepared for these somnambulistic exhibitions and they were always surprise parties to the whole gang, Muldoon himself included.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, the America was scudding along under a good head of steam with just sail enough up to keep her steady, the family had all retired and Mr. Martin, the first officer, was pacing the deck smoking one of Mul's best cigars, and thoroughly enjoying himself.

The man at the wheel was having an easy job of it, as the yacht almost steered herself, and everything was calm and lovely.

Two bells had just sounded when the mate, chancing to turn around, saw a white-robed figure within three feet of him and coming ahead with noiseless tread.

"In the name of Davy Jones, what's that?" he gasped, letting his cigar fall from his trembling hand.

The white figure, looking spectral in the moonlight, passed him without saying a word and went right forward.

"Great hurricanes! Can I be dreaming?" muttered the man, while his gold-laced cap rose an inch or two from his head.

In a second the man on the lookout came running aft, his teeth chattering, his limbs shaking as if he had a fit.

"Goodness save us, Mr. Martin!" he gasped, "I've seen a ghost as I'm a living man and as I'll be a dead one to-morrow!"

"Did you see it?" asked the mate.

"Yes, sir, and I'll be put over the side to-morrow with a shot at my heels as sure as my name is Tom Taffrill, sir."

"What was it like, Tom?"

"For all the world like my old shipmate, Bob Bobstay of the Susan, old gorilla, we used to call him, from his big mug and his whiskers.

"Not a bit of it," gasped another of the sailors who had come aft. "As my name is Jerry Ketchum, it was the ghost of my old mother, nightcap and all. We'll have a howling gale to-morrow, as sure as preaching."

Another of the crew rushed aft at this moment and said:

"The ghost of our old black cook, Jumbo Jefferson, has just passed me, sir, and he's now sitting on the bowsprit like a monkey on an organ grinder's shoulder. We'll have a calm to-morrow, and we'll be stuck out here on the ocean for fourteen days."

There seemed to be a difference of opinion among the men both as to the appearance of the ghost and the probable result of the visitation.

"On the bowsprit!" gasped the mate.

"Ay! and if he don't steer us to Davy Jones', I'm a lubber."

"Who saw him fust? He's a dead man for sure."

"It wasn't me, I'll swear. He came from aft."

"You saw him before me, Tom, I'll lay you did."

The mate's feelings can well be imagined.

He was the first to see the apparition, as far as he knew, and the thought was not a pleasant one.

"Nonsense!" he chattered. "Y-you c-can't tell wh-who s-s-saw him fi-fi-fi-first. Is he there yet?"

They all went forward, and there, well up on the boom, out over the water, now bobbing up, now settling down, was that white figure.

"There he is, but he'll go off in a puff of smoke directly."

"We're all dead men."

"There's a storm coming, sure."

"We'll never see land again."

"The vessel is haunted, I'll swear."

"These fancy cruises never does pay in the end."

The mate was less disposed to be scared than the rest of the crowd but he was a little bit rattled for all that.

"Pshaw! it's only a man," he said. "It looks like a man, doesn't it?"

"Of course, but that's naught."

"Ghosts can look like any thing."

"Like enough, he'll be a billy-goat next."

"Ay, or a great big gorilla."

"Strike me backwards, that's what he is now!"

The ghost had turned its head and the moonlight fell full upon its face.

If that wasn't a monkey's mug it wasn't anything.

The whole gang broke and fled aft.

"Go call the captain; we can't sail with this thing on board."

"The skipper must know it, or I'll lower a boat and take chances."

More of the sailors had joined the group by this time.

They had all seen the spook and all prophesied something dreadful.

One said they would be struck by lightning.

Another declared that they wouldn't make a port in ten years.

A third swore that they would sink all of a sudden, and never more be heard of.

There was a fine old scare on board that yacht, you'd better believe.

And all the time Muldoon sat astride the boom, and knew nothing about it.

Yes, it was Muldoon, for there is no need of making any more mystery about it.

He was fast asleep, and didn't know the first thing about the fuss.

He had on a big, long white nightgown, and a cap of ample proportions, and there he sat, as happy as a clam at high tide, hugging one of the guys, and making one of himself.

The motion did not disturb him in the least, and as for danger, he was as safe there as he would have been in his berth.

Somebody went down and aroused Captain Brooks, and Roger, whose room was next the skipper's, heard the noise.

He caught a few words of the conversation, and a thought flashed through his mind in a jiffy.

He had on his trousers and slippers, and was in the saloon as soon as the captain was.

"It's pop, I'll bet a bottle of wine," he said.

"Muldoon?"

"Yes."

"Is he crazy?"

"No. Sleep-walking. I'll manage him."

"But isn't there danger?"

"Not a bit, if you don't wake him up."

Pausing in front of Nibbsey's door Roger aroused that young man of the red head and the numerous buttons, and told him to come out.

"What's up?" asked the boy.

"The boss is sleep-walking."

"Gee! De walkin' ain't good here!"

"Come right out."

"All right," said Nibbsey, as he began to warble:

"Dreamin' in his sleep,  
While de twilight takes a sneak,  
Hush, darlin' babby—"

"Cheese that and come out," said Roger.

In two shakes Nibbsey came out, in his trousers, one suspender, as in the old Muldoon's Hotel days, and barefooted.

"Gee! T'ink of de boss taking it into his head to go walking out here. It makes me smile."

"Oh, I cannot keep from laughin',  
I feel so very gay.  
I always have to—"

"Shut up that singing and come along, I tell you."

Roger and the page then went out on deck and walked forward.

"Where is he?" asked Roger.

"Out on the bowsprit."

"Well, I take me oat! De idea of de boss walkin' out on de front stoop like that? Guess he wants to get to Ireland before de rest of de gang."

"Rockabye baby, on de tree top,  
When de wind blows de—"



"Cheese it, I tell you," said Roger.

They now went clear forward and there they saw Muldoon swinging over the water with no more idea of danger than a baby.

"Well, I take me oat!" cried Nibbsey, and nothing could prevent him from using that favorite expression of his.

"Sh! don't wake him up!"

"An' do yer mean to say he's asleep, Mr. Roger?"

"Yes."

"I take me oat' if dat don't beat anything. Do you mind de night in de hotel when he——"

"Yes, but keep still."

Nibbsey did not keep still, however, but breaking into a dance step, he began to sing:

"Away down in the meadow  
Where the little violets grow so sweet and gay,  
Dat's where I met my little sweetheart,  
And we're going to be married——"

"Front!" suddenly bawled Muldoon, from the bowsprit.

"Yes, sir!"

"Av ye and yer pretty Louise don't go and hang yersilves this minyute, I'll do it for yez mesilf, be heavens!"

The sailors thought Muldoon was awake, but he wasn't.

He now made his way in on deck from his perch and, without looking to the right or left, walked straight aft.

His eyes were wide open, but there was no intelligence in them, and some of the sailors still swore that he was a specter.

He went right back to his state-room, tumbled into bed, and didn't know anything more till morning.

Roger did not tell his mother till the next day, and then she was mad.

"Phwat ails the man?" she sputtered. "The idea av goin' and sittin' out there over the wather when there's plenty av room on board. Suppose he war to be dhrowned?"

"No fear of that," laughed Roger.

"And why not, me little dickey bird?" asked Muldoon, coming in.

"Well, I don't think you're one of the kind that's born to be drowned, pop," retorted the young fellow.

"Do yez mean to insinuate that I'll be hanged, ye young cock-sparrer?"

"Oh, no, pop, of course not," said Roger, with a grin, getting out of Muldoon's reach. "I mean that your proverbial good luck will stick by you through thick and thin."

"Yis, yer did—not, and av I get at yez, I'll warrum yer bob-tail jacket for yez."

A week later our party sighted the Fastnet, and, a few hours later, were at anchor in Cork Harbor.

### CHAPTER III.

At last our party was in Ireland.

That is to say, they were as good as there, being anchored in Queenstown harbor.

As soon as they were through with the customs officers, who gave them little or no trouble, Roger began laying out the route.

"What I propose to do first," he said, "is to go at once to Cork by rail, visit Blarney, the Blackwater, and other places of interest in the vicinity, and then go by the Prince of Wales route, by the way of Bantry and Glengariff, to Killarney."

Nibbsey had something to say at this point, for he stuck his red head in at the door of the saloon and warbled:

"Did you ever hear tell of Kate Kearney,  
She had lots of taffy and blarney,  
She had a squint in her eye,  
She was seven feet high,  
And she lived on the banks of——"

"Cease your warbling, ye red-headed monkey, and go slush down the deck or holystone the sky-scrapers, I don't care which, so long as yez kape out av me way."

"I say, boss," remarked that unterrified page, as he went away,

"Well, phwat is it?"

"Yer don't want to go by no such route as dat."

"And phwy not?"

"'Cos yere a Mick and yer don't let no Princes of Waleses tell you der route."

"Go an, ye terra cotta fiend, or I'll niver give yez a chance to break yer neck thrying to kiss the Blarney stone."

"The yacht can wait here for us," continued Roger, "and when we return we'll go on to Dublin in her, stopping at Waterford, Wexford, Arklow, Wicklow——"

"Hould on, hould on!" cried Muldoon. "Ye confuse me wid all thim names. Yez must be a walking dictionary av Ireland, be heavens!"

"Well, when I go anywhere, I'm bound to be well acquainted with the place, pop," laughed Roger.

"Av coorse he is," put in his mother, well pleased. "Faix, ye know very well, Muldoon, that the bye is a treasure and it's a fine thing for ye that yez hov um wid yez."

"Yis, I know, me Ballinasloe beauty," said Muldoon, "but he needn't give uz the whole route at wanst. I'm satisfied to have it be instalments."

"I niver come from there at all," said Mrs. Muldoon. "I'm from the ould town av Craigenamaugh."

"Oh, glory, if I had to say that name often I'd have no jaw an me at all," returned Muldoon. "It's a good thing for us ye don't minshun the place very frequently."

Roger's plan was followed and they proceeded at once to Cork by rail, the party taking in the Muldoons, Bills, Frills, and Nibbsey, the others being left behind.

I might advertise one of the Cork hotels and tell you where they all stopped, but I won't, merely saying that it was not far from Patrick street, the bridge, the Shandon church, and the theater and that will be enough.

They reached the pretty city in time for lunch, and in the afternoon Roger proposed that they should all go to Blarney Castle, about half an hour's ride by motor cars from Cork.

"Now, thin, Bedalia," said Muldoon, "yez will have the opportunity to kiss the Blarney shtone."

"It's not me that needs to kiss it, Terrence Muldoon," retorted the lady, with some spirit, "but ye, wid the manners ye have."

"Yis, I perceive that yez have kissed it no ind av times, me Corkonian, be the sweetness av yer speech. Troth, honey wud be sour in the mouth av yez be comparison wid the sugary tongue yez hav."

Reaching the village of Blarney, which is a sort of dead-and-alive, sleepy old place, the party entered the grounds of the castle after a short walk, and saw the grim old pile towering above the trees.

This story is not a guide book and so I will merely state that the castle was built four years before the discovery of America by Columbus, by one of the MacCarthys, kings of Ireland, and rum old duffers you bet.

The castle itself is in a fair state of preservation, but the castle or house, or whatever else you can call it, adjoining it, is clean busted and all in ruins.

"You must go into the caves under the castle, pop, and lie down in one of the dungeons," said Roger. "The sun never penetrates to some of them."

"Faix, I have no objection to entering the cave," said Muldoon, approaching the entrance to the same.

He walked boldly in, but at a distance of a few feet suddenly paused, nearly doubled in two and his high hat a wreck.

"Be heavens! I'll paralyze the sucker that thrun the rock on me," he sputtered.

"The roof is low, pop, that's all," laughed Roger. "You'll have to stoop."

"Phwy couldn't yez tell me that before?" asked Muldoon, straightening out his hat, and all hands laughed.

Completing the inspection of the caves and the dungeons, some of the latter being so low that it was impossible to sit up in them, the party ascended the slope and entered the castle itself.

By a spiral stair-case they reached the battlements and here they took in one of the dandiest views you ever saw.

"Be heavens, Ireland is a purty place anyhow!" declared the Solid Man, "and av this part wor only car'd over and pit in Central Parrk, New York wud be the finest city in the woorld."

They found a man walking about on top and Muldoon said to him:

"I suppose now, me mon, ye have kissed the Blarney stone?"

"I hov not," was the answer. "Why wud I? Anny stone is as good as thot."



"Well, I never, and this from an Irishman!" laughed Roger. "There goes a pile of romance to the winds, pop. A real, live Irishman refusing to kiss the Blarney stone."

"Well, I'm going to do it, anyhow," retorted Muldoon. "It's the fashion, and I'll not be left. Didn't I go up the purramids and the crooked tower over there in Italy; haven't I gon' undher the river in London, and in the sewers at Par's; haven't I gon' up Vesuvius and the top av St. Paul's? Then I'm goin' to kiss the stone, or I'm no thraveler."

"But where is it?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"Set into the wall outside here," said Roger. "Take the things out of your pockets, pop, for you've got to go down head first. Frills and the secretary will hold on to your legs, and there are those two iron bars that you can hang hold of besides."

"For goodness sakes, Terry, don't do it; you'll be kilt!" cried Mrs. Muldoon. "Is it foolin' him, ye are, Roger? Is there no other way av kissing it?"

"That's all, ma, that is, to do it in style. You can kiss the stone on the inside, of course, by sitting on that grating and letting your feet hang over. Anybody can do that."

"Faix, thin, that wouldn't suit me," said Muldoon. "I'm going to kiss the stone on the outside, or not at all."

"It's about six feet down, pop," said Roger, silyly.

"I don't care if it's sixty feet, I'm going to do it. Here, Bedalia, mind me watch and me purse till I get troo wid this job."

"And phwat makes people kiss the stone anyhow, and phwere do it come from?" asked the lady.

"It came from Carthage with the Phœnicians, who first settled Ireland," said Roger. "It was an up-and-up stone in those days even, and the original Micks who priggged it, had to pretend that they had lost it overboard in a storm, when the other fellows came after it. Afterwards, the MacCarthy stuck it in the walls of his fortress."

Muldoon by this time was ready to go over the battlements, having divested himself of his coat and hat.

"If yez will risk yer life, sor," said the man who wouldn't kiss the stone, "yez had betther take some precautions and pit this rope around yer waist."

"Yes, go on, pop," said Roger, and by the way he winked, Nibsey knew that the young fellow was up to larks.

Muldoon fastened the rope about his waist and lowered himself over the battlements, holding on by the iron bars while Frills and Bills kept tight hold of his legs.

"Low enough, pop?" sang out Roger.

"No, sor, I'm not within a fut ov it, me boy."

"Lower away!"

Down he went, head first, till he reached the stone.

Then he planted a rousing smack on it.

The result was entirely unexpected.

He felt himself suddenly falling.

The valet and the secretary had let go of his legs.

"Hould an, I'll be kilt, be heavens!" he yelled.

And so he might have been, but for that rope.

A fall of thirty feet into a tree top is never pleasant and is often dangerous, and that's what Muldoon would have had, only for that rope.

He turned a somersault, kicked the stone he had just kissed, shot down about six feet and then was brought to a sudden pause.

"Oh, glory! I'll be cut in two by the rope!" he howled. "Hould on till I tie it looser on me."

"Phwat have yez done to yer father, Roger?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"Oh, he's all right. The boys could not hold him, I suppose, owing to the weight of his brain."

"And are yez going to let him up? The rope might break."

"What are yez doing up there?" called Muldoon, dangling at the end of the rope. "Do yez want to murdher me?"

Bills, Frills, Nibsey and the stranger had hold of the rope and Roger now looked over.

"Which way will you take, pop—up or down?" he asked.

"Be heavens, ye young monkey, it wor ye that worked this an me!" answered Muldoon.

"Well, and if so, what are you going to do about it?" laughed Roger.

"Give yez a belt in the jaw whin I come up, me joker."

"Then perhaps I'd better let you stay where you are. Make the rope fast, boys."

"Hould an, hould an!" yelled Muldoon, as Roger had disappeared. "Hov I got to hang here like a hudulum till I fall into pieces at the bottom?"

"You'll have to give me your word to keep the peace then, pop."

"Begorry, I don't see that I can help mesilf. Haul away."

"Hadh't you rather go down to the tree tops and climb the rest of it?"

"Faix, maybe I had. Lower away."

The rope was lowered sooner than Muldoon expected.

Down he went with a rush for ten feet.

"Stop that, ye young imp, or I'll disinherit ye," he yelled.

After that he went more slowly and finally found a lodging in a tree.

From there he easily descended to the ground, carrying the rope with him.

He was soon joined by the rest of the gang, the stranger saying to him:

"I'll thank ye for twinty shillin's, Mister Muldoon."

"For what?" demanded the amazed Muldoon.

"The rope that saved yer life."

"Twinty shillings?"

"Yis."

"That's foive dollars?"

"I believe it is."

"Foive dollors for a rope?"

"For that wan—yis."

"I can buy tin ropes for that."

"But not ropes like that wan."

"What is there about it?"

"It saved yer life."

"It did not."

"It did, begob!"

"Prove it."

"Only for the rope ye'd have been dashed precipitously to the ground, seventy feet below."

"Yis, and only for the rope I niver wud have fallen at all."

"But ye did fall."

"That was because av the rope."

"The rope made ye fall?"

"No, but Roger tould thim gillies to let go av me heels, knowing the rope wud hould me."

"Well, thin, give me tin shillings for the rope. 'Tis worth it."

"Yez can have it, me mon. Phat wud I be doin' wid it?"

"Show it to yer friends and tell 'em it saved yer life."

"But it did not, and I don't want it."

"Five shillings, thin, and it's yours."

"But I wouldn't take it as a gift."

"But the historical valley av it, man, just think av that."

"For a mon that don't believe in kissing the Blarney stone yez talk rubbish," snorted Muldoon. "I don't want the rope. Bedalia, give me me coat."

"Two and six then, and ye can have it."

"I don't want it, and I won't have it, and, be heavens, av yez say a worrud more to me about it I'll trow yez up to the top av the tower and back again."

"Well then, give me two shillings for the use of it."

"A shilling is all I'll give yez," returned Muldoon, as he tossed a coin into the man's hat.

"Oh, but you're the hard man," protested the other. "Give me another."

"I will not."

"Sixpence then."

"Divil a sixpence."

"Oh, but it's the hard heart ye have."

"I have none at all, begob. I gav' it to me wolfe years ago."

"Then give me tuppence to get a drink."

Muldoon laughed and tossed the fellow two coppers.

"Begorry, av all Irishmin had the gall and the perseverance ye hov," he cried, "we'd free Ireland in six weeks."

"And then fight among yourselves to see who'd be king," laughed Roger.

"Ye have Irish blood in ye, me boy," said the stranger.



That's what an Irishman always says if you give him a good answer.

You see, he won't admit that anybody but a Mick can be clever.

"Maybe I have," laughed Roger, "but New York is good enough for me, after all."

"Do ye live in New York?"

"I do."

"I wondher would ye know a man I know?"

"Why, certainly. I know everybody in New York and so does every one else. It isn't much of a place, you know?"

They were by this time on the way to the railroad station.

"Well, I've h'ard that it wor as big as Dublin, but I didn't believe it. Do you happen to know any man be the name of Hoolihan?"

"Phwat's that?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, turning around. "Sure, that wor my name before I wor marr'ed."

"Faix, thin, maybe you know this robber of a Hoolihan? He said he wor from New York and expected to go back again and get a fortune, and I lint him three pounds and I've niver seen him nor it since."

"Begorry, that sounds like nm," laughed Muldoon. "What wor the given name av the sucker?"

"Sarsfield."

Muldoon laughed, his wife screamed, and Roger smiled.

"Me own brother."

"How well he sustains his reputation."

"Your own brother, ma'm?"

"Yis," said Muldoon. "He didn't get the fortune he expected. It wor mine, and I had a use for it. Thin I got him on the polis, but I haven't seen him in four or foive years. He must have left the city."

"Phwat makes yez think so, Terry?" asked his wife.

"Becos he haven't braced me for anny money in all that time. Ye know yerself that Sarsfield Hoolihan is a sucker av the forst wather."

"Well, I know that ye niver did loike him."

"I should say not, me jool, and nayther wud ye be enamored av a man who thried to have yez incarcerated in a lunatic asylum so he could collar yer boodle. Yez wudn't be likely to be dead mashed an him, be heavens!"

"But all this happened years ago, Terry, and yez ought to forget it."

"So I will, but I don't want to see yer brother Sarsfield all the same. I haven't thot av him in years."

By this time they had reached the railroad station.

Here they discovered that they had half an hour to wait, and they proposed to devote it to looking at the sleepy, quaint old village.

Mrs. Muldoon's brother was soon forgotten, the stranger going off to get his mug of ale, and no more was said upon a disagreeable subject.

Passing along the road they shortly came to an old bridge, in one wall of which was a round hole, about two feet in diameter, through which a pretty view of the castle could be had.

"Faix, it's very convanient to have a peep hole like that," remarked Muldoon.

"A shot from one of Cromwell's cannons made it," remarked Roger, who was the historian of the party.

"It must have gone across the bridge and out at the other side thin," said Muldoon. "There's another hole there, or was, but now it's bricked up and whitewashed."

"I suppose it must have," laughed Roger.

"And maybe Cromwell niver saw the place at all. Yez can't believe everything they tell yez."

"You're getting fly, ain't you, pop?"

"I am that. Didn't they show me two skulls av Oliver Cromwell in the Tower av London, and whin I axed thim how he come to have two of thim, the man tould me that the forst wan was whin he was a bye, be heavens!"

"Well, anyhow, the peep hole is here," said Mrs. Muldoon, "no matther how it was med, and it's a very pretty view yez get through it."

Just then along came a queer-looking cart, the seat being over the wheels.

"Oh, I say, boss, look at de fanny wagon," said Nibbsey. "Dat's de rockiest ting I evez see."

"Go an, ye jay, that's a rale Irish jaunting car. Wud yez like to ride in wan, Roger?"

"Ride in that thing?"

"Yis."

"No, thanks."

"And why not?"

"I don't want my neck broken."

"It wudn't be."

"Or to be chucked out of the thing sidewise."

"Ye wudn't be. Thim cars is illigant to ride in."

"I'll take your word for it, dad, but I don't care to ride on top of the wheels, look sidewise instead of forward and get my stomach thumped out every time they go over a stone."

"Ye're a falsifier. Thim cars is as aisy to ride in as a feather bed."

"I'm not having any, pop."

"But yez can't go away from Ireland and say [yez niver rode in a jaunting car."

"I will, all the same, dad."

What's more, the young fellow kept his word and didn't ride in the ridiculous affairs, although the rest of the gang declared that they were just splendid.

They did up Blarney by the time the train was ready, and then they hustled back to Cork, which they reached in time for dinner.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THAT evening after dinner Muldoon, Roger and Nibbsey went out to see the sights.

It was still light, for the summer days in Ireland are much longer than they are in New York, owing to its being further north.

Muldoon was smoking a fine cigar, one of his own importation, and as he stood on Patrick Bridge he looked around him with a deep feeling of satisfaction.

"Who's de man over dere on de pillar, boss?" asked Nibbsey.

"Is it the statue ye allude to?" asked Muldoon, sending a cloud of fragrant smoke floating over the waters of the Lee.

"Cert."

"It can't be St. Pathrick, can it?" asked Muldoon. "Who is it, Roger?"

"Father Matthew, the great temperance apostle, of course."

"Oh, yis, I see, and he has his two hands stuck out."

"Yis."

"And he wor a temperance mon, wor he?"

"Certainly. Didn't you ever hear of him?"

"I did, but I fail to see the appropriateness av putting the statue where it is."

"Why not?"

"It's dead wrong intirely."

"What ails it?"

"Can't yez see for yerself?"

"No."

"Well, ye see thim two hands?"

"Yes."

"Wan av them pints to a gilded saloon and the other to a distillery, be heavens! That's very appropriate, isn't it?"

"Well, I take me oat!" said Nibbsey, in his characteristic, explosive style.

Presently, as they walked along, a little shaver, not more than ten years old, ragged, dirty and bare-footed, paused in front of Muldoon, and said:

"Give me the stump, sor, please?"

"Give yez what?" asked Muldoon.

"The stump of the cigare, sor, please," said the youth, with a duck of his head.

Muldoon was disgusted.

"Go an, ye gutter snipe, ye're too young to shmoke."

"No, sor, let me have the stump, sor, if ye plaase?"

He was polite enough about it at all events.

"I will not," said Muldoon, decidedly. "I'll not be responsible for yer airly death. This is not an Irish cigar. It's too rich for yer blood."

"The stump, sor, plaase," responded the midget.

"No!" said Muldoon, walking on.

If he thought he was going to get rid of the kid in that way he was very much off.



The youth tagged on at his heels, respectful but persistent. Muldoon presently caught sight of him.

"Go an away, ye young rat," he cried. "Hunt him out of that, Roger."

"The stump, sor, if ye plaase."

"No, I'm dommed av I do," and Muldoon took another puff.

The thing was short enough to throw away as it was.

Our traveler was well aware that if he did that, however, the young butt grubber would snatch it up in a twinkling.

He continued to puff at it, therefore, although it burned his lips.

The youngster followed, sure of eventually getting the coveted stamp.

Muldoon could not smoke on it forever, of course.

The Solid Man had his own ideas about that butt.

He had said he wouldn't give it away and he was bound not to do so.

Presently he came to a small puddle of water next to the curb.

Into it went the butt with a hiss and a tiny splash.

The urchin observed the motion, looked regretfully at the soaked butt and said:

"You're verry mean."

Roger laughed and Nibbsey remarked with a snort:

"Well, I take me oat! If yer done that to a N'York kid, he'd sass yer der hull way down der block."

Muldoon had to laugh himself, but he said:

"I said I wouldn't give it to um, and I didn't."

Roger now gave the disappointed mite the half of the cigarette he was smoking.

"There you go, young fellow," he said. "Run along now and don't bother us."

"Thank ye kindly, sor," said the ragamuffin, ducking his head.

"May ye niver want for annything, sor."

Then off he ran, puffing away as large as life, while Muldoon remarked:

"Faix, av he knew the result av smoking thim things, it's not a blessing he'd be giving yez. I don't see how yez had the heart to give him a dose av incipient insanity like that, Roger."

"Oh, he's tough," laughed the young fellow.

"Dere's anoder one o' dem funny wagons, boss," said Nibbsey. "Come on, let's have a ride."

"Car, sor?" asked the driver of the infernal machine, seeing attention called to the car.

"Go on, pop," said Roger. "Take a ride. You like the things, you know."

"Have a nice car, sor, take ye all round the city, sor."

"No, I don't want to ride."

"Ah, go on, boss, what yer scared of?"

"Go ahead, pop."

"Have a car, sor, the most illigant car in Cork."

That driver was as persistent as a Roman beggar, but Muldoon was his match and finally sent him about his business.

"Go and change your clothes, pop," said Roger, "and we'll go to the theater. Maybe ma would like to go too. There's time enough."

"To the theayter! Faix, it's not dark yet. There's plinty av toime for that."

"Why, it's almost eight o'clock. I don't believe the sun sets till nine here."

"That shows ye the truth av an old saying, me boy."

"What's that, pop?"

"The fairies are good to the Irish."

Half an hour later they all went to the theater, Muldoon, his wife and Roger, Bills and Nibbsey, but the latter did not sit with the rest of the party in the box which Muldoon hired for the occasion.

That young gentleman was supposed to be at home, but he did not relish that for a cent, and, after the rest had gone, he sneaked out and went off by himself.

"What's de matter wid me goin' to de theayter as well as de boss and de folks?" he asked himself. "Not'n, of course."

There were two or three theaters in town and Nibbsey had no idea to which one Muldoon was going, but as good luck or the reverse would have it, he had no sooner taken his seat in the gallery when looking down he saw his party in a stage box.

"Gee! dere's de boss!" he muttered. "F I'd knowed he was com-

in' to dis place I'd went somewhere's else. Dis theayter ain't in it wid de N'York ones, blowed if it is."

The theater was a combination house and was let to traveling companies from London or Dublin, there being as few of the good old stock companies in Ireland at this time as there are in New York or the rest of the United States.

The company for that week was from London and was doing one of the regular English melodramas, put together by the scenic artist, the property man and the leader of the band and being acted more by main force than by artistic methods.

It was a big go in London, however, and that was supposed to be enough.

The orchestra played something, and then there was a delay for some reason or another.

At that the gallery began to make itself heard.

If you have not seen a real Irish gallery, you don't know anything about it.

It yelled, it shouted, it sang, it stamped, and it raised Cain generally.

Many of the gods were in their shirt sleeves, some of them leaned over the rail, and some of them even sat on it, while no one seemed to keep order.

Up there they made jokes at the expense of the musicians or the people in the boxes, and Bedlam reigned supreme.

Now and then one loud-voiced fellow would start a song, comic, sentimental or operatic, it did not matter which, and the rest of the gallery would join in the chorus.

"Talk about the gallery av the Old Bowery," said Muldoon. "Sure, it wor niver in it wid this, aven in its palmiest days."

"They say it's worse in Dublin, pop," said Roger.

"Thin it must be a perfect pandemonium. Av the New York byes med all that hullabaloo, they'd get the heads clubbed off thim."

"Wud yez twig th' ould gorilla in the box?" shouted some one upstairs. "Hey, monkey, whin did they let ye out?"

Then the rest of the gallery roared, and Muldoon got as red as fire.

"Don't say a word, pop, or you'll get it worse," said Roger.

"They had ought to be ashamed av thimselves, so they'd ought," spluttered Mrs. Muldoon, waving a big feather fan violently to and fro.

"D'ye mind the ould parrot nixt to the gorilla wavin' her tail about?" asked another of the gallery jokers.

"No, it's no parrot, Jamesey, it's an ould hia, and she's goin' to cackle."

"Murdher! wud ye hear that?" screamed the lady. "Come an, Terry, I'll not remain and lesten to anny such insults."

"It'll be all right in a minute, I guess," said Roger. "They'll be quiet when the curtain goes up."

"Be heavens, I'd like to par'lyze the impujint vagabone phwat said thot!" muttered Muldoon, retiring to a far corner of the box.

Then somebody up there began to sing again, and there was comparative quiet.

Nibbsey turned up his nose at this last singer and declared to himself that he could do better than that himself without half trying.

"Dat feller couldn't sing in a Bowery dive," he remarked. "Just lemme give 'em dat latest ting of mine, and den dey'll hear some singing dat is singing, and don't you forget it."

Presently Nibbsey got a chance.

He jumped up on his seat, did one or two steps and sang out in a high key, away up in X:

"Oh, you ought to see me sweetheart, me pretty little Louise;

She lives down in de valley, where de little daisies grow;

I met her in the evening, she de sweetest ever seen,

And next Sunday afternoon we're going to get married.

When de moon is shining—"

"Nibbsey!" suddenly yelled Muldoon, rushing forward to the front of the box.

He could not take that red-headed boy's voice for that of any one else, and he knew it in a second.

"All right, boss!" shouted the youth.

"Close yer face and give thim other fools a chance. They're better at makin' jackasses av thimsilves than ye are."

"Right you are, boss."

"Begob, th' ould gorilla must be Irish, he's so cliver!" shouted one of the gallery crowd.



"So I am," retorted Muldoon, "but that's no raison for bein' a dom fool, be heavens!"

Roger and Bills grabbed him by the swallow tails and pulled him back into the box.

"Good-night, gorilla, yer keepers hove ye now."

"Go an, ye young monkey in buttons—give us another chune."

"Yes, I will!" snorted Nibbsey, in very tough tones. "I didn't come from N'York fur not'n'. Youse fellies is tryin' ter gimme a bluff, but it don't go. See!"

Just then the orchestra began to play, the lights went down, the curtain rolled up, and the house was as still as it could be, that noisy gallery being the stillest and most attentive part of the house.

"Faix, the gallery now is more quite than the boxes at the operry in New York," remarked Muldoon, in a loud whisper.

"Sh!" came from all over the gallery, and Muldoon remained quiet.

Once or twice when an actor on the stage was very bad the gallery guyed him, and that made all hands try to do their level best.

The same thing might be tried on to advantage over on this side of the water.

The next morning, Muldoon, Nibbsey and Roger went out to see the sights.

As before they were assailed by a lot of jaunting-car men.

"Have a car, sir, the best in all Ireland?" said the fellow, who had tried to persuade Muldoon the night before.

"No, I will not. Go an wid yez and don't bother me."

"Ah, go on, boss," said Nibbsey. "Let's take a ride out in de country. I want ter see it."

"Thin take me car, sor," said the driver. "I know all the nebbberhood for moiles, and I'll show yez iverything."

"Go on, I say," said Muldoon. "I don't want it I've told yez already."

It seems to be the style of cabmen everywhere, however, to pester the life out of everybody.

This fellow attracted the attention of others, and presently there were half a dozen of them, all clamoring to be employed.

"Don't mind him, sor, take mine; it's like ridin' on feathers."

"Don't believe that robber. His car will be the death of ye."

"Take my car, gintlemin, all over the city, sixpence a mile for the pairty."

They all had something to say, and each ran the others down.

Finally, at Nibbsey's solicitation, Muldoon hired the first fellow, and he and the red-headed page jumped in, Muldoon on one side, the boy on the other.

Roger was not to be persuaded, however.

"I'll have a doctor ready at the hotil when you come back, pop," he said, "and I'll go and prepare ma for the worst."

"Go an, ye chippie, yez don't know what ye're missing," said Muldoon, and away rattled the car.

It did rattle, for a fact.

The street was not a particularly well-paved one, and wherever there was an irregularity the car found it.

As a settler of one's dinner, the Irish jaunting car is a gilt-edged success.

Jaunting is the name for it, although jolting, bumping or tossing would be equally appropriate.

It's all right for a fat man, for his bones are well supplied with protecting cushions of flesh.

For any one else, however, it beats crawling through gas pipe, shopping on a bargain day, or being walked on by the gang.

Talk about riding on feathers, indeed!

Eagle's feathers, maybe, with the nibbs all turned uppermost, Muldoon was not long in experiencing the charms of such a ride.

First Nibbsey's elbow took him in the back of the head.

Then he was chucked over against the driver, and had to grab the strap with both hands.

Then he got a bump which sent his hat down upon his nose, and made him think a mule had toyed with him.

Then he was chucked against the low back of the seat, which fairly ground into his spine.

Next he nearly twisted his neck off trying to see something behind him which the driver had pointed out.

He was only saved from that by getting a jolly old bump, which turned his attention to other things.

By hanging on and bracing his feet he was lucky enough not to be chucked out.

"Oh, yes, it's charming to ride in an Irish jaunting car, be heavens!" he sputtered.

Nibbsey didn't say much, but he thought a lot.

"If de ole lady misses any o' dese buttons when I gets back," he said, "don't blame me for it, that's all."

"Don't yez like ridin' in an Irish jaunting car, me boy?" asked Muldoon.

"Can't say I do, boss. Talk about cuttin' on behind a ice cart! Dat's nuttin' to dis."

"Ye don't enjoy the ride, thin?"

"Oh, cert, but if I had to pay for it I'd radder get kicked down-stairs. Yer don't get half so many bumps."

"I don't think the cars are the same as they had whin I wor a bye. Thin I used to injy thim very much."

"Maybe you was tough den, boss, and didn't know no better. I'd as lieves ride on a horse car off de track as one o' dese tings."

Oh, they were having dandy times in that easy going car, they were.

Nibbsey was nearly thrown over the partition and chucked into Muldoon's lap, the Solid Man stepped on his own feet, made a furrow in his back trying to brace himself and felt as if he had been in a scrapping match and had got the worst of it.

However, after a little they left the city and went out in the country where the traveling was somewhat better.

That is, it was better for a time, and then they struck some pretty rough spots.

"Faix, I've h'ard av the rocky road to Dublin," said Muldoon, "but be heavens, the rocky road from Cork beats iverything."

"Is dis de Cork road, boss?" asked Nibbsey, turning his head.

"It is."

"Den it ought ter be smoother, hadn't it?"

"For why, ye red-headed young monkey?"

"'Cause we're ridin' on a cork road. Dere oughtn't ter be any bumps on dat kind."

"There'll be bumps an yer head av yez make anny more such flip-pant raymairks as thim."

"I'm too flip, am I, boss?"

"Indeed ye are."

"Sure, this is not a hard road, by anny means," said the driver. "It's as foine and soft as a down pilly."

"And so is the bog yondher," said Muldoon.

They were passing a fine, soft bog at that time, and in places it came very close to the road.

"Oh, this is a fine road intirely," said the driver, licking up his horse.

At that moment the car gave an extra jolt.

Nibbsey was looking across country and didn't know what happened behind him.

Muldoon had incautiously let go of the strap a moment before.

When that jolt came he was pitched out into the bog.

He went into a soft spot head first.

Fortunately it was not all mud where he struck.

If it had been so, this chronicle would end right here.

There was water mixed with the mud.

The driver didn't turn his head, but went right on.

Muldoon floundered about for a few moments, and then came right side up.

He was a sight to behold and no mistake.

He was black from head to foot.

"Hould on, hould on!" he bawled. "Come here and pick me out!"

The driver was an eighth of a mile away by this time and still going.

Then Muldoon tried to reach the hard ground.

He stepped on a hummock, as he thought.

It was nothing but grass and down he went to his waist.

He floundered on a few steps further and pulled himself out and upon a hummock.

It shook under him and when he went to jump to the next one he fell flat on his face.

"Me lucky star must be in an elipse," he growled, as he grabbed at a tuft of coarse grass.



All this time the car was going straight on.

The solid man managed to reach the road at last, and saw the car just disappearing over the crest of a hill.

"Sure, this is a fine shtate I'm in intirely," he muttered.

The black mud clung to him in great wads, squirted out of his shoes and ran down his legs, besides offending his nose most tremendously.

"Faix, it's a good thing there are no toads or snakes in Ireland," he muttered, "or I'd imagine I had me pockets full av thim."

He took off his coat and vest, wiped a good deal of the mud from them, swabbed his face with his handkerchief till it was as red as fire, and then looked around.

"There's no use in waitin' for the car," he said. "That gawk av a dhriver may be gon' all day, and he may go home be another route intirely."

He had no hat, his clothes were black and reeking, and Cork was a good dozen miles away, by the nearest calculation.

"The walkin' is good av I kape to the road," he muttered, "and I may as well try it; but ye'll niver catch me in wan av thim jouncing cars again, be heavens, av there's not another vehicle to be hod an the whole face av the earth."

Meanwhile Nibbsey had not missed Muldoon till after he had gone over the hill.

Then he turned to ask him a question and found his seat vacant.

"Hallo, where's de boss?" he asked.

At first the driver paid no attention to him.

"I say, Irish, where's de boss?" he cried again.

"Faix, I don't know where he is," said the man.

"Well, what d'yer suppose has come to him?"

"I don't suppose anything. Maybe he got tired av the car and concluded to walk."

Nibbsey chuckled at this brilliant explanation.

"Guess he got chucked out, dat's what I guess," he said.

"Well, and av he did, could I help it?"

"Certinly not. Go on wid de ole machine."

"Where do yez want to go now?"

"Back to Cork, o' course. Did yer think I wanted to go all over Ireland?"

"Then I'll keep on and go in be the other road."

"Let her go, Irish."

"But who's to pay me for the use ov the car if the masther isn't in it?" asked the Jarvie, suddenly.

"De boss's son, de young feller, he'll fix yer up. Go an wid yer rickety old hearse."

Then that careless youth began to beguile the time by singing:

"Oh, it's my delight on Sunday night,  
To go out for a spree,  
Meeting all the boys and all de bums  
Dat works der growler with me,  
A standin' on de corner——"

"Hould yer whist!" cried the driver. "Yez can't sing on this road."

"Can't sing?" retorted Nibbsey. "Well, I like your cheek, Irish. Who said I couldn't sing? I kin lay over any one you ever see, singing. Can't sing! Reckon you don't know who I are."

"Yez mustn't sing, then," returned the driver. "Ye do be frightening the harse. He's not accustomed to such melojious music as what ye do be singing."

"No, I guess he ain't," said the boy, "but do yer know wot yer orter do with him?"

"I do not, faix."

"Well, I donno as I'd kill him, 'cause he ain't so bad, but yer might give him to some one yer got a grudge agin, and den you'd better take dat dizzy old rattle-trap of a car o' your'n down to de river and run it in where it's de deepest—see?"

"Dhrownd a beauchiful car like that, wid siventeen springs and the illigant cushions that makes ye think ye're on feathers? Go on, you omadhaun, ye don't know phut ye do be sayin'."

"Well, I reckon Mr. Roger knowed what he was sayin' and if ye catch me in one o' dem tings again, you kin call me a chump—see?"

In time Nibbsey reached the hotel again and Roger paid the bill after inquiring what had become of Muldoon.

"He's all right, I guess, Mr. Roger," said Nibbsey. "We dropped

him on der road somewheres, but de boss is always lucky. He'll turn up again' you bet."

Muldoon did turn up again after a long weary walk, after being chased by dogs, stoned by small boys and threatened arrest by the Cork coppers.

"Yez can't arrest a man for having mud on his garments," he said, to one big feller who wanted to take him in.

"I don't know that I can't," said the man. "It's taking the land away from the poor people, ye are."

"On me clothes, do you mean? Faix, av ye'll come to the hotel wid me, I'll give thim to yez and yez can start a farm av yer own wid the soil ye scrape off them."

The peeler laughed and Muldoon was allowed to proceed.

Reaching the hotel at last, he saw and interviewed Roger.

"Did yez hire that fiend av a dhriver to bounce me up-loike that in his car, me young humorist?" he asked.

"No, pop, honest Injun I didn't. I knew nothing at all about it."

"It's a good thing ye didn't, for av yez had, I'd have forced yez to ride in wan av thim things till the daylights were thumped out of yez."

## CHAPTER V.

THE next day the Muldoons started for a tour on the Blackwater, visiting Youghal, Ardmore and all the historical region thereabouts, going into the round tower, stopping at Mt. Melleray Abbey, exploring the old ruins, climbing hills and sailing on the river, and, in short, doing the whole thing up brown, and hearing more legends of the old Irish kings than would sink a ship.

They returned to Cork a day or so sooner than they intended, as Captain Brooks telegraphed to Muldoon that he wished to see him on important business.

They reached the Imperial Hotel, where they had left the greater part of their baggage, late one afternoon, and found Brooks waiting for them.

"Phwat did yez want to see me for in such a hurry, captain?" asked Muldoon.

"Come into the reading-room and I'll tell you all about it," and the skipper led the way to a quiet, retired room, where they could smoke, indulge in solid or liquid refreshments *ad lib.*, and talk without being in any way disturbed.

They retired to a sofa in one corner by a window, pressed a button and let a swallow-tailed waiter do the rest, Roger proceeding to enjoy a cigar while Muldoon and Brooks had a drop of Irish at their elbows and frequently consulted the same.

"Are you acquainted with Sir Desmond O'Connor, Mr. Muldoon?" asked the captain.

"I am not. Who is he—wan av the kings av Ireland?"

"He is an Irish nobleman, and claims to be a relation of yours."

"The O'Connors wor niver related to the Muldoons—not avin in the most distant forrum."

"He says he is."

"Then he lies, unless—Roger!"

"Yes, pop."

"Yez haven't been marr'ed to anny Irish gurrul be the name av O'Connor since we've been here, have yez?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, by the way," said Brooks, "it's your wife he is related to, I believe."

"Oho, that's it, is it? Well, phwat about him? Did he want to borry anny money? Thim Irish lords and jukes is generally strapped."

"No, but he wanted to borrow the yacht. Said he had as much right to it as you had."

"Faith, I like the impudence av um. Whisper, he must be wan av me wife's relations for sure. They're the cheekiest lot I know."

"He had his ward with him, a charming girl, Irish of course, but has been abroad and in America, and he wanted the yacht to take a cruise in around the coast, said that it was as much his as yours, and that you wouldn't mind."

"Wouldn't I thin?" cried Muldoon, gulping down a mouthful of Irish whisky, while Roger made half a dozen smoke rings and grinned.

"Faix, I admire the moral courage av um."

"The girl is rather nice, don't you know," continued Brooks, "tall and dark, with blue-black eyes, long lashes, rosy cheeks, coral lips, pearly teeth, a form like a gazelle, the sweetest of voices——"



"And ye let O'Connor have the yacht, I suppose, just becoss he had a purthy girrul wid 'im?" interrupted Muldoon.

"Oh, not a bit of it. I told him I could not act without instructions from you. He said he would take all the responsibility, and seemed quite anxious to get away at once."

"Maybe he's an escaped Fenian. Thin yez didn't let him have it afther all?"

"No, of course not, but as he claimed to be a relative of yours I let him stay on board the yacht, he and his ward. I left Martin in charge."

"You might take a run down to Queenstown in the morning, pop," suggested Roger, "and see him. He may be all right, you know, and you can let him have the use of the yacht while we are at Killarney and other places. We could go straight over to the west coast, to Tralee or Limerick, meet him there and then take a trip around to Dublin ourselves."

"Ye're thinking av the girrul, ye walkin' cyclopijia av Ireland," laughed Muldoon.

"It won't hurt you to go down there, anyhow, pop," said Roger, blushing, for he had entertained some sort of an idea that he might get up a nice little flirtation with the pretty Miss Desmond or O'Connor or whatever she might be called.

"Yis, I might," said Muldoon, "and I don't know but I will. Yer mother nivr tould me that she had anny relations wid sir to their name, howiver. Sir Desmond O'Connor, it don't sound so bad."

"No, and just think, dad, you may be father-in-law to a nobleman; no, I don't mean that, father to a nobleman's son's wife; no, no, daughter's husband, that's it. I might marry the girl, for all you know."

"Be heavens, I believe ye've met thim already, ye young Don John!"

"No, pop, honor bright I haven't," laughed Roger. "I was only joking. I don't know the O'Connors from Adam's cousin."

"Well, I'll go down wid ye and the captain to-morrow mornin' and we'll settle the whole business in a jiffy, wan way or the other."

"Want to go to the theater to-night, pop?" asked the young fellow, with a sly wink at Brooks.

"I do not. Once is enough. I thot the whole house was coming down. Faix, av some av the bum actors we do have in New York had to sthand the abuse av that gallery, they'd aither sthudy up and be betther, or they'd lave the stage intirely."

"Then we'd better take it over, pop. Some of our actors do need shaking up for a fact."

Even if Muldoon did not go to the theater, that did not keep Roger from playing a racket on him which the young rascal proceeded to do with great celerity.

The worthy man was sitting in the smoking-room after dinner, Roger being in the office, when a tall man dressed in black walked up to the desk and inquired.

"Is it here the Hon. Mr. Mulrooney stops, sor? I wish to see um."

The clerk looked at Roger, who winked back, and said:

"What do you want to see him for, if I might ask?"

"He wor to deliver an address to our soci'ty this avening."

"Your society?"

"Yis, the Corkonian Sons av Liberty, a temperance ordher, numberin' four thousand members. To-night we hould our regular simmy-anyal meetin', an' he promised to speak for 'uz, but knowin' how absint minded great min are wont to be, I considered it judicious to call —"

"Quite right, sir," interrupted the sly young fellow who scented a job. "I presume he's forgotten all about it."

"Well, then, I'm glad I——"

"Yes, so am I. He's in the house and I'll speak to him about it."

"I shall be immensely obligated to ye if ye will, for there is no time to lose. The meeting is in sission at this precise minyute."

"Well, wait here and I will bring him. You have your carriage at the door, I suppose?"

"I'll get a car at wanst."

"Do so," and away went Roger giggling up his cuff.

He found Muldoon just finishing a glass of punch and said to him:

"Pop, you are getting more famous than ever."

"It needs no fairy to tell me that, ye Killaloo grasshopper," answered Muldoon. "Don't I know that me name is known from the

Pyramids to the Brooklyn Bridge, from Venice to Hoboken, and from Kalamazoo to Mecca? Av coorse it is."

"Well, here's a chance to make yourself more famous."

"How so, me bye? Do they want me to set Ireland free?"

"No."

"Maybe it's to ingineer a scheme to transport it to Ameriky?"

"No, but to make a speech."

"A speech, is it?"

"Yes."

"Who wants me to do it?"

"They are thinking of raising the price of bitter beer to sixpence a half pint and Irish whisky to a shilling a noggin."

"The vilyans!"

"Yes, and there's to be a meeting to protest against it to-night and they want you to speak."

"Me, is it?"

"Certainly. Everybody in Cork knows you and they consider that you are just the man for them."

"Be heavens, it's a shame to interfere wid the rights av the people like that. Whisky at a shilling a dhrink! Faix, it's rank robbery."

"That's what I think."

"Who's doin' it, Roger?"

"Oh, the queen, of course."

"She ought to know betther than anny wan can see that she don't hov to pay for her drinks."

"One of the committee is here, pop, and knowing the powerful influence you have in——"

"Faix, I'll go this minyute, me bye. It's highway robbery, so it is, and I'm glad to be able to protest against it."

"That's right, pop, and to-morrow all Cork will ring with your praise."

"Show me the gintleman, Roger. Why didn't yez ax him in here to have something?"

"He doesn't drink, though he keeps one of the biggest bars in Cork."

"Oh, well, that's not uncommon. The alderman, ye may remember, in New York, always goes out av his own place whin he wants to get par'lyzed."

"Well, come on, pop. We must start at once. The car is waiting at the door."

"Is it a harse car, ye mean?"

"No, of course not."

"Oh, it's wan av thim jumping things, is it?"

"There's nothing else, pop."

"Be heavens! then I'll not go."

"Oh, but you must, pop. Think of the fame, the honor, the glory."

"Little sarvice will thim be to me afther the daylights are jumped out av me be wan av thim invintions av the divil."

"But the cabs are worse, pop."

"Then I'll walk."

"You won't have time, the meeting is in session."

By this time they had reached the rotunda, and the tall man in black came forward.

"Ah, Mr. Mulrooney, I'm right glad to see wan so greatly interested in our cause," he said, putting out his hand.

"Me name is not Mulrooney, av yez plase, sor, it's Muldoon, Terrence Muldoon, av——"

"This way, gentlemen," said Roger, hurriedly.

Then he got the stranger to himself and said on the quiet:

"You mustn't mind him, he so absent-minded."

"Yis, I've b'ard so."

"He'll say his name is Finnegan next, or O'Toole; he really forgets what it is at times. He had actually forgotten all about the meeting."

"Sure, it's sad to see such an injanious and prodigious mind as yer father's under a cloud like that, avin if it's only timpo'ry."

"Yes, it's a pity. Come on, dad," continued the young fellow; "our friends say that the car is quite safe."

"Sure, there's niver anny danger at all in thim cars, Mr. Mulrooney, they're as safe as——"

"Muldoon, I tould yez."

"Humor him!" hissed Roger.



"I beg yer pardon, Muldoon, av coorse. Mulrooney is another frind av mine."

"That's right," said Roger.

"But I thort yer father was tall," said the delegate.

"He is, when he stands up straight, but he's apt to stoop."

"And sure they tould me his hair was thick and very dark."

"All gone in his last fit of sickness. Quite sad, isn't it?"

The way Roger went on piling up the lies was simply alarming.

They got upon the car, for you could not call it getting in, and Roger took care to put Muldoon on the other side from himself and the delegate.

There wasn't much chance for talk, in any event, as the car rattled so much and then Muldoon had to nearly break his neck in order to talk to the delegate besides watching to see that he wasn't chucked out.

They reached the hall at length after a long drive, and then there was fun with the driver.

The delegate offered him a shilling, there being three in the party.

"Phat's that, sor?"

"Yer fare."

"For coming all this way, sor?"

"Sure, it's in the boundry."

"Yis, I know, but consider me harse."

"Sure, the baste can carry three aisy enough."

"Oh, it's not that I mane. He's an orphan, that harse, and yez must always take pity on the unfortunate."

"Are you an orphan, too?" asked Roger.

"I am, sor," said the man, apparently expecting a *douceur*.

"It's a pity your horse isn't an ass. Then you could be twins and take pity on each other."

"Faix, it's Irish ye are," said the driver.

Then all hands got out and the man renewed his efforts to get more than his regular fare.

"Sure, yez wouldn't chate a poor man?" he said.

"It's yer regular fare," said the delegate. "Do you want me to give ye in charge?"

"No, sor, but a kind-hearted mon like ye would niver miss an extra shillin'."

"I'll not give ye another farden. Come on, gintlemin. We'll go in at the side door."

"Manny's the toime I've done that," laughed Muldoon, "though it's usually on Sundays that it's used the most."

"Sure, yez won't go off and lave a poor mon like that, gintlemin?"

"For why would I give ye anything?"

"Sure, I've been waiting all the avenin' for a fare."

"Be heavens, yez have the cheek av a harse," said Muldoon. "Ye'd betther go to New York and be med president av the boord av aldermin. Yiz have the assurance nicissary for just that."

"Niver mind the mon, Mr. Mulrooney. A shilling is his regular fare and it's all——"

"Me name is not Mulrooney, I tell yez, me frind, it's Muldoon. Yez hov no mimory at all."

"Faix, I beg yer pardon," said the delegate, as Roger gave him a nudge.

"That's all right, but don't do it again."

"We'll go right in here, this dure leads to the platform and we'll avoid the multitude."

They presently emerged upon a sort of stage, crowded with people and facing a collection of long-haired men, short-haired women, micks, toughs, Chadbands of every variety and some very red-faced men right in front.

Roger remained near the door but Muldoon was led right to the front of the platform.

"Ladies and gintlemin," said the member of the Corkonian Sons of Sobriety, "I have the honor av inthroujuicing the honorable——"

Then there was such a noise that Muldoon could not hear the rest of the introduction.

"Ladies and gintlemin," he said, bowing and smiling. "It gives me great pleasure to speak to ye on so auspicious an occasion. The prisince av so many beautiful ladies here surprises me somewhat, but it only shows me how near to the heart av all the people is the burning question upon which I intind to spake to-night."

That was pretty good as far as it went.

It might mean anything or it might mean nothing.

There was a lot of applause and then Muldoon went on:

"I think that iverybody views wid alarrum the growin' incursions av the rich and powerful into the ranks av the poor, but the pi'nt at issue shows us conclusively and clairly that it's about time the people rose up in their might, be heavens, and pit their fut upon the hydrant-headed monster av moneyed monopoly."

This was also good and had been used by Muldoon before, when a member of the New York Senate.

Of course he got a round for it and went on.

As he approached nearer his subject, however, he got into deeper water.

"Talk av thrampin' on the rights av the people," he said. "Faix, it's robbery. Take me frind on the right for instance, the proprietor av the biggest bar-room in Cork. Will he make money be this raise in the price av bittther beer and whisky? Assuredly not, me frinds."

The delegate flushed, the old women looked horrified, and some boys in the rear giggled.

"Faix, gintlemin, I've sold whisky mesilf when I kep' a corner grocery in New York, and I know that the effect of raising the shtandard proice for a dhrink stagnates trade, be heavens! Ye might as well commit suicide as to thry and kape a bar and run up the price beyond the rigulation limits, and ivery bartinder and saloon-keeper among ye will coincide wid me in that statement."

Then there was ructions in that hall.

The gang wasn't going to hear any more heresy of that sort.

They were astonished, indignant, disgusted.

"Put him out!"

"Sit down."

"He's a traitor."

"That's not Mulrooney."

"He's a spy av the rumsellers, begob."

"Call the polis."

"Garrote the imposthor."

"It's just shocking to hear him."

"I niver was so insulted in me life."

"Keep a bar, indeed!"

"Horrible."

"He calls us bartinders and saloon-keepers."

"Put him out."

The uproar was simply terrible.

Poor Muldoon did not know what to make of it.

If that was the Irish way of showing enthusiasm he did not like it. It seemed to him as if the whole gang wanted to murder him.

"Eject the sinful man," bellowed a long-haired delegate on the platform.

"How dar' ye present yerself here under an assumed name and t'row ojium on our cause?"

The man who had introduced Muldoon asked this question.

The rest of the gang on the platform were spoiling for a fight apparently.

"Phwat is the meaning av all this, anyhow?" asked Muldoon. "Have yez brot me to the wrong place? Where am I, annyhow?"

Then a big banner caught his eye.

He gasped as he read the inscription.

"Suffering whirligigs! The Corkonian Sons av Sobriety! Howly smoke! it's a timperance gang I've got into."

Then there was more commotion.

The women groaned and shrieked.

The men bellowed and roared.

The unregenerate in the rear laughed.

"Yez have insulted us all," said the delegate. "Ye're not the Hon. Mr. Mulrooney, mimber av parliament from Ballymacfud at all."

"Av coorse I'm not," said Muldoon. "I niver said I wor. I told yez me name wor Muldoon."

Some of the crowd in the rear recognized the great man, and gave him a hearty Irish cheer.

This greatly incensed the temperance people.

A lot of them made a rush for Muldoon.

Though brave, he was not devoid of all sense.

To face a crowd like that was simply madness.

He downed the delegate and a couple more, and then sneaked.

It took him just two seconds to reach the side door.

Roger was waiting for him in the passage.

"Somebody has made a box of this thing, pop," he said.



Then he slammed the door and bolted it.  
 "Come on, pop, we've got to skip," he said, hastily.  
 Then he and Muldoon went down the stairs, four steps at a jump. The door above held back the enemy for half a minute. Then it was burst open, and out rushed the gang. There were other doors, too, and they were quickly used. There were as many as seventeen people behind Muldoon when he reached the street.

"This way, pop," cried Roger.  
 He had got his dad into this scrape, and now he had to get him out.

The gang was a little worse than he thought it would be, to tell the truth.

"That fellow must have got into the wrong hall, I think," said the young scamp.

When they had secured one of the few cabs in town and were driving away, Muldoon said:

"This gag is wan av yours, me Irish-American cuckoo. It has yere thrade mark on it."

"Think so, pop?" retorted that cool young rascal.

"Yis, I do. Ye rigged a similar wan on me in Boston a year or two ago."

"Why, yes, seems to me I did," said the joker.

They got home without further accident or incident and Muldoon stood the cigars.

The next day, he and the skipper and Roger and Nibbsey all went down to Queenstown.

When they reached the steamer, a stranger came from the cabin and Captain Brooks said:

"Mr. Muldoon, allow me to introduce you to Sir Desmond O'Connor."

"Where is he?" asked Muldoon, looking around.

"Why here, in front of you, and here is Miss Kitty O'Connor, his ward."

"Faix, that may be Miss Kitty for all I know, and she's a mighty purty girrl, if I do say it before her face," said Muldoon, "but the other is no more Sir Desmond O'Connor than I am, be heavens!"

"Of course not," laughed Roger.

"Then you know Sir Desmond?" asked the skipper.

"I do not, faix, but I know this man to me sorrow. The black-muzzled vilyan ye see before ye is no other than my wife's brother, Sarsfield Hoolihan, the biggest blackguard unhung, be heavens!"

## CHAPTER VI.

MULDOON'S announcement caused considerable surprise on board the America.

The pretended Sir Desmond flushed and fidgeted and looked decidedly uneasy.

Roger laughed, Captain Brooks looked grave, the sailors chuckled, the mate smiled and Nibbsey danced.

Miss Kitty seemed surprised, chagrined, puzzled and annoyed all at once.

"It's just as pop says," Roger said, kindly, taking the young lady's hand. "This man is an impostor."

"Ye, Sir Desmond!" laughed Muldoon, scornfully. "Faix, ye're not fit to clane his boots, whoever he is. I know ye, Sarsfield Hoolihan, and I see ye're up to yer old thricks again."

Sarsfield looked black and tried to face Muldoon down.

"Begob, it's not a week ago that I h'ard av ye," resumed the Solid Man, "and no good did I hear aither, and now here ye're purtindin' to be——"

"Don't listen to that maniac!" cried Sarsfield, turning the color of ashes. "He is an escaped lunatic, he is insane, he has been confined in padded cells, he is a dangerous——"

"Yis, be heavens, ye're right I am, dangerous to such reptiles as ye!" cried Muldoon.

Then suddenly grabbing Sarsfield about the waist, although his brother was bigger and taller than he was, Muldoon swung him half around, slung him forward, gave him a kick and sent him flying.

There was nothing to stop him, for the gangway was open and Sarsfield was heading straight for it.

He could not stop himself and in a jiffy he was overboard, floundering in the clear waters of the harbor.

"Oh, he'll be drowned!" screamed the young lady.

"Small fear av it, me dear," said Muldoon. "The mon wor not born to meet death in that form. I know him well, be heavens, and unless his neck gets cot in the cable, he'll be all right. Drowndin' wor niver mint to be his fate."

Muldoon was right.

In a few moments Sarsfield Hoolihan was seen swimming to shore.

"Say, boss, he'll get arrested for goin' in swimmin' without tights!" cried Nibbsey, doing that famous dance step of his. "Didn't he go flop, though?"

"Down went de captain, down went de crew,  
 De fust mate, de second mate, de little midgets, too;  
 Down went de postman, who said his love——"

"Cheese it, ye Bowery nightingale," said Muldoon. "Do yez think we hov no time except to listen to yere wobblings?"

"Dere he is, boss, climbin' onto a boat!" cried the incorrigible red head. "Well, I take me oat' if he ain't shakin' his duke at yer. Dat feller has de cheek of a Bowery fakir, he has. Get onto him, boss."

"Oh, my, look at the style of him,  
 Look at his new Sunday clothes;  
 Just take in that sweet smile of him,  
 Gaze at the size of——"

"Hould yer whist, ye young red-headed snipe, or be heavens, I'll toss ye into the bay to kape him company!"

Nibbsey retreated a pace or two and Muldoon continued:

"Shake his fist at me, does he? Yis, and it's just like his cheek. Ye're a trustworthy offiser, Brooks, and I'm glad yez had the sinse not to let him have the yacht. I might niver have seen it again av yez had."

"But, oh, Mr. Muldoon, if this man is not my guardian, what am I going to do? I am all alone in Ireland."

As the young heiress said this, she took Muldoon's hand and looked at him so appealingly that he was greatly touched.

"Come into the cabin, me dear young leddy," he said, "and we'll talk it all over. Ye may come, too, captain, and I suppose ye'll hov to be included, me Madison avenyer exotic," he added, nodding to Roger.

"Captain Brooks has been exceedingly kind to me, Mr. Muldoon," said Miss Kitty, "and so have all the officers. The yacht is a beauty and I anticipated a deal of pleasure in——"

"Go an, go an," said Muldoon, the young lady having paused. "Ye wor going to say that ye anticipated having a foine toime cruisin' in her. Well, ye shall. I'll wire me woife to come down from Cork immajately, and we'll take that very thrip that vilyan Sarsfield spoke av taking. Me time is me own, Miss Kitty, and I can go where I please."

Then they all went into the cozy cabin while Nibbsey, left on deck, began to warble!

"Sweet Katy Conner, I'm mashed upon her,  
 Kate, Kate, as sure as fate,  
 Yer'll have to marry me  
 Or else I'll take——"

The young fellow's stream of melody was suddenly cut short by the first officer taking him forcibly by the ear and leading him forward.

"Oh, I say, cheese it, leggo!" howled the warbler.

"A little of that fills the bill as well as a lot, young fellow," laughed the mate. "Go sit out on the bowsprit and charm the fishes. Your singing is too rich for us."

"Ah, you go swallow anoder poker and brace up, Whiskers," retorted the untterrified youth.

Meanwhile there was a consultation going on in the cabin.

"Do I understand ye to say that ye are alone in this country, ma'm?" asked Muldoon when they were all seated.

"Yes, that is unless I can find my guardian."

"Then ye don't know him be sight?"

"I have not seen him since I was a child five years old."

"Sure that's not so long ago," said Muldoon, gallantly.

"I was born here in Ireland," continued Miss Kitty, blushing, "and went to America when I was five. My father died five years later and then my mother a year afterwards."

"And Sir Desmond is yere guardian?"

"Yes. At the death of my mother I went to a convent school to finish my education. After that I traveled with a companion for a year and then my guardian sent for me to come to Ireland."

"And how long have you been here, may I ax?"

"Nearly a week. I took the steamer to Belfast and here this man met me, declared himself to be my guardian, showed me his papers and made me believe he was what he represented himself to be."

"Yis, and thin?"

"He said that his castle in the north of Ireland was being put in repair for my reception and that we were to travel for a month or so until it was ready for my reception."

"Begob, I'll make the Cork jail ready for his, so I will."

"We went at once to Dublin, and then here, where we found the yacht. Sir Desmond, I mean this man Hoolihan, told me that he was the owner of it, and that he had not told me of it before, because he wished to surprise me."

"He'll be the one to have the surprise, I'm thinkin'. He tould ye the vessel were his?"

"Yes."

"The robber!"

"That's like his cheek," said Roger.

"However, I chanced to overhear a conversation between him and Captain Brooks which aroused my suspicions that all was not right."

"I should say they were not. It is a good thing for ye, Miss Kitty, that the vilyan did not get hould av the yacht."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Muldoon?" asked the girl, looking prettier than ever in her excitement.

"Somehow or other this vilyan knows all about yer guardian's affairs!"

"Yes."

"He knew ye wor comin' over to Ireland and contrived to meet yez."

"Yes?"

"Thin he got as far away from Sir Desmond as possible."

"Yes?"

"Thin he lighted on this vessel av mine an' detormined to seize it and take ye to say with um."

"Why, you don't mean——"



"Yez are an heiress?"

"Yes."

"Ye'll come into thousands and thousands av pounds, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, thin, ye'd be just the girrul for Sarsfield. If ye'd marr'ed him, all right. He'd get the boodle. If ye didn't, then he'd threaten all sorts av things and exhort a ransom from Sir Desmond, and a big one too."

"Do you really think so?" cried Miss Kitty, evidently alarmed.

"Do I think so? Be heavens, I know it. Why, man, dear, didn't he try to have me incarcerated as a lunatic, so he could get hould av me property? He did that, and I wor not worth a fiftieth pairt thin av what I am now. Thin I wor poor, yez might say. Now—well, I could buy the bank av England if I desoired."

"And this man is your brother?"

"He is not!" cried the Solid Man, indignantly. "There's niver a dhrop av black blood like his'n in the Muldoon family. We date back before Julius Caysar, and there niver wor a coward or a blackguard in all the line since then."

"Hurrah for our side, pop!" cried Roger.

"No, me dear, Sarsfield is me wife's brother, and I'll do her the justice to say that she's heartily ashamed av um. Thot man wud rob a blind paralytic, so he would."

"But what am I going to do, Mr. Muldoon?"

"Nothin'!"

"Yes, but——"

"Lave it all to me, Miss Kitty."

"And me, pop," added Roger.

"Yis, I knew ye'd want to have a finger in the business, me tailor's model. This is me step-son, Miss Kitty, though he has the good sinse to take the name av Muldoon. He's not a bad sort, Roger isn't, and he's me right hand man in most things."

"I am sure that I shall be well taken care of then, if you both interest yourselves in my affairs," said Miss Kitty, blushing.

"Don't minton it," cried Muldoon. "Roger, me bye, phwat's to be done forst?"

"Find Miss Kitty's guardian."

"Yis, and arrest Sarsfield."

"I don't think he'll give us the chance, pop. He has probably skipped out by this time."

"And he had my purse!" cried Miss Kitty, with a little scream.

"He said he would take care of it for me."

"He'll do that," laughed Muldoon.

"Much in it?" asked Roger.

"About ten pounds. I have a letter of credit and only draw what I need from time to time."

"Tin pounds is a fortune to Sarsfield," laughed Muldoon. "Well, I'll go and telegraph for me wife, warn the polis agin this villain and thin advertise for Sir Desmond."

"How do you suppose Hoolihan knew so much about him?" asked Captain Brooks.

"He might have been attached to the O'Connors' household in some capacity," suggested Roger. "Butler, footman, coachman, or——"

"Boots, most likely," added Muldoon. "That terrier wor niver so high as a butler or avin a coachman."

In the course of a couple of hours Mrs. Muldoon and her retinue arrived, and Miss Kitty found another friend and a true one.

She thought that Muldoon was too deliciously absurd for anything, but she looked upon his wife as a mother, and Roger as a—well, she liked Roger quite well.

"Faith, Bedalia," said Muldoon, when they chanced to be alone. "I don't think I wor far wrong whin I prophesied that the bye would be shinnin' up to the heiress."

"Well, Terry, she's a very fine girrul, and Roger is wan av the best byes in the worruld and quite old enough to marry. He's over twinty-wan and it's time he lucked for a wife."

"Yis, av coorse," chuckled Muldoon, "but——" and he chuckled some more.

"Well, what are yez sniggering at, ye provokin' man?"

"I wor only thinkin', me jool."

"Av what?"

"The cleverness av the young rascal."

"What young rascal?"

"Roger."

"How is he so clever?"

"In picking out an heiress."

"An' pñwere's the harm?"

"There's none at all, but it shows how cute he is."

"How so?"

"Faix, he could have fallen in love anny time juring the last four years."

"He didn't meet the right face."

"The right figure, yez mean."

"Well, I loike a pretty figure mesilf."

"Yis, and Miss Kitty has it. They say she's worth millions."

"Faix, Terry, ye're too sordid. The bye niver thought av that, I'll wager."

"I can see ye wink yer other eye whin ye say that, Bedalia," laughed Muldoon. "The bye ain't such a fool as he looks, if——"

"Terry!"

"If he is your son and——"

"Mr. Muldoon!"

"Well, the combination of love and wealth that he's med bates the worruld, me leddy woife, and it's a long life I wish to them both."

As yet, Roger had not told his love, like the lady in the poem.

In fact, it would have been rather rushing things if he had.

He had known Miss Kitty just three hours and forty-seven minutes at this point.

Muldoon could see a hole through a ladder, however, and perhaps he was right in his predictions.

The whereabouts of Sir Desmond O'Connor were learned during the day, and a telegram from him addressed to Muldoon reached the latter the last thing before he turned in for the night.

Muldoon had wired to Sir Desmond upon getting his address as follows:

"SIR DESMOND O'CONNOR,

"CASTLE CONNOR,

"NEAR BALLYMENA.

"Your ward in my care. Rescued from Sarsfield Hoolihan. Do you know him? Wire instructions.

"TERRENCE MULDOON,

"Yacht America,

"Queenstown."

Sir Desmond's reply was short and to the point:

"Leave by the express to-night. Hoolihan is a scoundrel."

"Begob I always said it," said the Solid Man, but he said as little as possible when his wife was around.

He would not hurt her feelings whatever he thought of his brother and she did not ask him for more than the barest facts in the case.

Sir Desmond arrived early the next morning.

He went on board the yacht at once and was given a hearty welcome.

"Ye must have breakfast forst av all, sir," said Muldoon, "and thin we'll have the whole story."

The Irish nobleman, who was a fine-looking old gentleman, well towards seventy, consented to this, and breakfast was served at once.

Then Muldoon told his part of the business, Kitty added her side, and Brooks closed with his evidence.

Then Sir Desmond gave his side of the story.

"This man, Hoolihan," he said, "I first met when on a tour through the south of Ireland. He was my guide, in fact."

"He had a plausible way with him, the ruffian, and I confess that I was taken in be his blarney."

"I kept him with me all through the tour and then took him to the castle with me, where he became a sort of private secretary and confidential agent."

"Yis, he war a lawyer once," said Muldoon. "He has just little enough conscience fur that."

"However, I detected him in some questionable proceedings, and I promptly discharged him, a thing I should have done before."

"He knew all about my ward, about her fortune, and about her expected arrival; in fact, he knew more than I did myself, for he knew just be what steamer she was coming."

"He must have kept the letters from me for I did not learn till yesterday that Kitty had arrived, upon making inquiries at Belfast, and at the same time I found a letter awaiting me from Hoolihan."

"Blackmail, I'll bet a dollar," said Muldoon.

"Yes. He demanded a ransom. It wasn't signed and the hand was disguised, but I knew it. Then your message came and I knew that the surmises were correct."

"It gives me pleasure to hov been av service to ye, Sir Desmond," said Muldoon, "and now I wish to ax a favor av ye in return."

"Name it, Sir Terrence, and I will grant it," replied the other, while Roger smiled.

"I beg yer pardon, there's no Sir Terrence in it," said Muldoon. "I'm plain Terry Muldoon, an American citizen, plase the pigs, and glad av it in the bargain."

"Well, Mr. Muldoon, and what is this favor of yours?"

"That ye will remain on board the yacht and make a tour av the country wid us."

"Really, me friend, this is——"

"Come neow, no palaver; is it yis or no?"

"Yes."

"Thin there's me fisht an it. We'll say no more about that blackguard, Sarsfield, for he's me wife's brother, I'm sorry to say, and has thried to do me more than wanst, but we'll make preparations to go an our cruise at wanst."

"I am entirely at your disposal, meself and me ward, Mr. Muldoon," said Sir Desmond, who had the least bit of a brogue at times. "I feel that I am indebted to you more than I can repay, and——"

"Thin that settles it," chuckled Muldoon. "If yez can't pay, I don't see how I'm going to make yez."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE choice of a route being left to Roger, he consulted Miss Kitty about it.

Finding that the young lady was apt to be seasick on the water, he concluded not to throw a gloom over the proceedings by having so unromantic a thing as a fit of sickness, and decided that the main body should go at once to Killarney.

Brooks was to take the America to Limerick, when they would proceed north, or wherever they might decide at that time.



The Muldoons and the O'Connors proceeded at once to Bantry, and then by coach to Glengarriff and the sweet little town of Killarney.

It was a romantic trip, occupying two days, and was enjoyed by all hands.

Kitty and Roger sat on top of the coach during the greater part of the journey and enjoyed the scenery and each other's society immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon and Sir Desmond got on famously together, and the more they got acquainted, the better they liked it.

"Ye're a true Irishman afther all, Muldoon," said Sir Desmond, "and though ye may be a good American citizen, ye're an Irishman for all that, and I'm proud of yez."

Nibbsey, Frills and Bills also enjoyed the trip and that red-haired page found new delights at every step, at the same time playing larks on his companions at every favorable opportunity.

"Here, thin, Eugene, Roderick, Mike, take the gintleman's baggage. There's three in Number Seven, two in Number Nine, and the rest in the best rooms on the first flure overlooking the lake. Dinner at half-past six, leddies and gintlemen and I'll hope ye'll all enjoy yersilves."

"Who goes in Number Seven, sor?" asked a boyish-looking Mick, raw and green, and dressed in an indescribable evening suit.

"The secretary, the butler and the page," said Roger.

"Take thim up you, Mike," said the landlord.

Nibbsey twigged the swallow tail suit of Mike in a jiffy.

"Soy, Mr. Roger, will you git onto the misfits?" he chuckled.

"Keep still, you monkey."

"De swallow tail is too big, de pants is high waters, and de vest——"

"Never mind about the vest, you red-headed imp."



There was a fine old scare on board that yacht, you'd better believe. And all the time Muldoon sat astride the boom, and knew nothing about it.

Nothing had been seen of Sarsfield since the moment when Muldoon had dumped him overboard and he had swam to shore, but no one missed him.

They reached Killarney late in the afternoon and drove out at once to the Lake Hotel on the bay of Castletown on the eastern shore of the lower lake.

"Where shall we stop, Sir Desmond?" Muldoon had asked. "Ye have been here before, I presume?"

"Well, the R'yal Victoria is a very fine place and——"

"It may be, but it do have the name of the queen to it," interrupted Muldoon. "I have the not most agreeable recollections av the lady, and I'll not stop there."

"Terry spoke to her wanst at a review," laughed Mrs. Muldoon, "and the sojers nearly murdered him. He has not forgotten it."

"Be heavens, I have not, Sir Desmond, and I'll not put up at anny hostelry bearin' that young lady's name."

"Well, there's the Lake Hotel, a fine, comfortable, home-like place, right on the lake and——"

"That's me," said Muldoon, and to the Lake Hotel they all went, bag and baggage.

In fact, Roger had telegraphed ahead for rooms, so that Muldoon's decision really made no difference.

When the party alighted from the coach, a swarm of waiters came out to collar the small hand luggage, likewise any stray sixpences that might be lying about.

"Is this Mr. Muldoon's party?" asked the landlord.

"It is."

"Well, I'll take me oat! I can't help mindin' it, Mr. Roger. I looks as if Mike never had anything to eat only soup an' dat he had to spill it every time."

"Shut up, you young talking machine."

"I can't. Dat Mike just makes me talk, he does. He's a la-la, he is."

Mike's dress clothes were rather remarkable, to say the least, but Mike himself beat them.

He got his boxes and bags all mixed up, put Mrs. Muldoon's wraps in the secretary's room, left Kitty's hand bag on Roger's table, and wanted to put Sir Desmond in with Nibbsey and Frills.

He was a good-hearted boy, Mike was, but as hotel hustler, he wasn't in it and Nibbsey could give him no end of points.

However, things got straightened up at last and then having brushed, washed and otherwise refreshed themselves, the party proceeded to amuse themselves till dinner was ready which would not be for another hour.

Kitty and Roger crossed the lawn to the old ruined castle which gives a name to that part of the lake and sat under the trees on the bank above the old ruins thinking of anything but the O'Donoghue or McCarthy Mor, or whoever built the ancient place.

Muldoon and Sir Desmond played a game of billiards on a table as big as a room in a city flat. Mrs. Muldoon went for a short drive to the abbey and O'Sullivan's cascade, and Nibbsey amused himself by guying all the Irish boys in the neighborhood.

The story goes that where now lies the lower lake the city of the first O'Donoghue was situated, but, in a fit of willfulness he left open



a sealed well, where a witch or malignant spirit lay entombed, and that in the morning the city was at the bottom of the lake, too much water being the ruin of the O'Donoghue as too much whisky is the ruin of more than one at this day.

However, the lake boatmen will point out to you, when the water is clear and the day still, more than one relic of the ancient king at the bottom of the lake, giving fantastic names to the rocks under water, such as O'Donoghue's library, his prison, his pigeon, his table and the like, while those above are known as O'Donoghue's charger and many others.

The old chieftain is said to visit the neighborhood at times, seated on a white horse, as every guide in the whole County Kerry will swear, it being considered extremely fortunate to catch a glimpse of his ghostship.

At this moment a tall, stout, intelligent looking man came up and said:

"Good-evening, gentlemen. Av there are anny av ye goin' through the lakes in the mornin', I'm the guide hereabouts for thirty years. Everybody knows Sir John, that's what they call me. Ye'll find me name in all the guide books, Sir John Courtenay."

"A nobleman, is it," said Muldoon, "and ye a guide? Faix, I've h'ard av Sir This goin' in fur wockin' matches and Lord That being interested in prize fights, and the Juke av Thingummy having a team av ball players, but it's the forst time I ever h'ard of Sir Annybody hiring himself out as a guide."

"Troth, ye hov Irish blood in ye," said Sir John.

"Begob, I hov and nothing else, Sir John, av that's yer name."

"That's what they do be callin' me, sor," replied the guide, "and av yez want some one to show ye through the Gap of Dunloe, Mac



The driver didn't turn his head, but went right on. Muldoon floundered about for a few moments, and then came right side up. He was a sight to behold and no mistake. He was black from head to foot.

"Hould on, hould on!" he bawled. "Come here and pick me out!"

Roger had heard all about this, and that was enough to set his wits at work.

That evening, after dinner, as they were all standing out on the lawn in front of the hotel looking at the moonlight shimmering on the lake, he said:

"I say, pop, let's take a walk over to Muckross Abbey. It's not far, and it's a lovely night. They say that the view of the ruins by moonlight is simply magnificent."

"A ruined abbey, is it? Is that a place where the monks used to live?"

"Yes, and this is the best preserved ruin in Ireland."

"Faix, I don't mind, me bye. Is it far to it?"

"No, something like a mile, I think, though Irish miles are longer than any others."

"Yis, and so are Irish legends, me bye. They stretch thim the same as they do the miles."

"Yes, I believe so."

"Phwat's that ould ruin over forninst be the wather? I saw ye and Miss Kitty sitting on top av it just before dinner."

"That's the castle of the O'Donoghue," said Sir Desmond. "All this land belonged to him once. They do say that his spirit comes back here at times."

"Yis, and there's a deal of spirit in Ireland, I know," said Muldoon.

Roger smiled, for he wanted his father to hear all about the O'Donoghue's ghost, but not from his lips.

"Gillicuddy's Reeks, or anny av the lakes, I've been a guide here for thirty-four years, and—"

"Hold on, Sir John," said Roger. "Just now you said thirty years and now it's thirty-four. It'll be forty next and we'll be old before we know it."

"Faix, I think ye have Irish blood in ye," replied the guide, making use of the invariable answer of half the Irish of these parts when cornered.

"Well, we'll see you in the morning, Sir John," said Roger, and the guide touched his hat and went away.

"Is he really Sir John?" asked Miss Kitty. "How funny."

"No, of course not," laughed Sir Desmond. "The Prince of Wales on his first trip through this country, took a fancy to the fellow, and, in sport, just gave him a tap on the hand with a white umbrella and made him a knight."

"And he had sense enough to turn a joke to profit," laughed Roger.

"He did indeed, me boy. All the peasants call him Sir John and look up to him. That joke of the prince's has put many a pound into his pocket since."

"Begorrah, I think he has Irish blood in him," laughed Muldoon.

Later on, when the moon was higher, Roger reminded Muldoon of the intended expedition to Muckross Abbey.

The ladies did not care to go out at night, he said, but Sir Desmond would accompany them and they would make just a quiet little party by themselves.

Off they started, Muldoon lighting a cigar, and occasionally an-



swering in monosyllables as he puffed away, to some remark of Sir Desmond's.

"Ye're a pretty lucky man, I hear, Muldoon?" said the knight, at length.

"I am."

"Everything turns to gold in your fist."

"It do."

"Where one man loses in anything, ye are sure to win."

"Faix, that's right."

"Then there's hardly any need for ye to see it."

"See phwat?"

"The white horse of the O'Donoghue, with him on it."

"No, be heavens!"

"Well, I'd like to see it meself, for it's mighty good luck, they say."

"Is it, faith?"

"Why, it's even better than kissing the Blarney stone, and that gives ye fine fluency of speech."

"Ha! It does?"

"Certainly. It puts the silver in your tongue to kiss the stone, man."

"Well, I don't want anny more av it," grumbled Muldoon. "It nearly deprived me av the power av speech intirely, that same Blarney stone. I had liked to lose me life be it."

"Well, well!"

"No, sor, it wor not well—it wor dom bad."

"Well, maybe if ye see the O'Donoghue rising from the lake on his white charger it'll turn the luck in yere favor, and ye'll——"

"Bother the O'Donoghue and his white horse!" cried Muldoon, knocking the ash from his cigar. "Why the mischief can't he stay quiet in his grave under the lake and not go ridin' around at night harassin' dacint people. Faix, Irishmen are alike the world over, whether it's in Ameriky or Ireland, always stirrin' up a fuss."

Roger gave Sir Desmond a quiet nudge, and the subject of the O'Donoghue and his white horse was speedily dropped.

They presently arrived at the gate of the demesne of Muckcross, and here they paid a shilling a head to enter.

"Ireland is like all the rest," sighed Muldoon, "ye have to pay to see annything, whether it's natheral beauties, or dime museum freaks."

They strolled leisurely along the well-kept roadway, and the roads in Ireland, whether public or private, are among the best in the world, smoking, chatting and enjoying the picturesque scenery.

Anon the walls of the abbey arose above the trees, ivy-covered, and looking spectral in the white moonlight.

The ruins are well preserved, and no part has been restored, so that one gets a perfect idea of how the place must have looked in the ancient days.

As they came out from under the shadow of the trees after passing through a stretch of woods, and approached nearer the historical pile, the moonlight streaming through the arched windows gave a most weird and spectral effect to the scene, and Muldoon, who had considerable poetry in his composition in spite of his practical nature, could not help being moved by the wonderful sight.

"Be heavens, thin that's worth going miles to see," he muttered.

"I'm glad it's in Ireland, faix."

They passed through the ruined entrance, visited the cloisters, saw the giant yew tree in the center of the garden, peeped into the dark and gloomy cells of the monks, and then passed to the chapel or choir, I forget which, where lie the remains of the chieftain McCarthy Mor, marked by a rude sculptured monument, and also the remains of the O'Sullivan Mor, the O'Donoghue and other chieftains.

As they entered they noticed at the end a high Gothic window, through which streamed the moonlight, while through smaller openings on the side walls intruded the branches of trees, moving gently to and fro in the soft summer night breeze.

Muldoon stood entranced, now gazing overhead at the cloudless blue sky, now watching the moonbeams dance on the uneven floor, or listening to the gentle swish-swish of the invading branches.

"Phwat's the big, square stone in the cinter, Roger?" he asked, advancing.

"The tomb of the O'Donoghue, pop."

"Faith, I tho't he was——"

Then he stopped short, his hair began to assume the perpendicular, and his limbs trembled and shook as though he had a fit.

Rising from behind the great, square block of stone was a glistening white figure, and now it was seen that he bestrode a gleaming white horse.

He came out into the open space, horse and all, and came straight for Muldoon, slow and noiseless, for not a sound of hoof or clank of steel could be heard.

"It's the O'Donoghue!" whispered Sir Desmond, in spellbound tones.

"Oh, murther! it's dead I am!" yelled Muldoon, making a rush for the entrance. "Faix, I have no business with ghosts at all."

"I am the O'Donoghue!" said a sonorous, ghostly voice, and turning his head for an instant Muldoon saw the spectral rider advancing more rapidly toward him.

"Whoiver ye air, I don't want to see yez, be heavens!" he gasped, as he dashed out of the chapel.

After him came the spook rider and when he reached the grounds outside it was still coming.

"Oh, glory! There he is yet!" he muttered, starting down the road at full speed.

After him rode the ghost, and, although he could hear no sound of hoofs, Muldoon knew that the white horse was gaining on him.

"Get up, there, you old plug!" he suddenly heard a familiar voice exclaim. "Two-forty on the road and no takers. Gee! but can't we go it?"

"We're bound to run all night,  
We're bound to run all day,  
Bet me money on the bob-tail nag,  
Somebody bet on——"

Muldoon suddenly stopped and let the white horse shoot past him.

"Hould on, ye red-headed imp, I know ye now! Come back here!"

"Well, I'll take me oat' if the boss hasn't tumbled," came back upon the wind.

Further on, Nibsey dismounted, threw off the sheet wrapped about him and took the white mufflers from the feet of the horse.

No wonder he had not made any noise, when his hoofs were put in boxing gloves.

"Well, I take me oat'! De boss got a good scare dat time; t'ought it was old Donoghue's spook, sure enough."

"Comrades, comrades, ever since we was boys,  
Sharing each other's trials, shar——"

"Get home out o' that, ye young imp av divilmint!" called out Muldoon, "or I'll fix ye so ye can't ride a harse, or sit down aither, for a month!"

"Good-night, boss!" called back the impish page. "I'm goin' to turn de boss loose, an' yer kin play old Donoghue yerself, if yer don't mind."

Then away skipped the youth, with the sheet rolled up under his arm, and the sound of his laughter could be heard for half a mile.

The white horse strayed off into a field and began cropping the sweet grass, while Muldoon felt like kicking himself back to the hotel.

Pretty soon Roger and Sir Desmond came up, laughing and shaking their sides.

"Well, well, Terry, you've seen the O'Donoghue ather all."

"What made you run, pop? That's bad luck."

"Wan av ye wor at the bottom av this," said Muldoon. "It's not likely that the bye tho't av it be himself."

"Pretty good snap, after all, wasn't it, governor?"

"You must admit that ye were greatly discomposed, Terrence, for all yer disbelief in spirits."

"I'll take a shovel to the sate av that bye's pants whin I get home, and he'll hov to take his dinner off a shelf standin' up for the next week."

"Let's go the other way, pop, and see O'Sullivan's cascade. It's a lovely spot."

"Are there any ghosts that haunt the place?"

"No, pop."

"No leddy av the fountain or anny wan like that?"

"Nixy lady."

"The O'Donoghue niver washed his face or went in swimmin' in there, did he?"

"History fails to mention it."

"The McCarthy Mor niver sent there for a pitcher of wather to dilute his potheen, did he?"

"The records are silent on that point."

"How far is it?"

"A couple of miles."

"The bye can't get there widout passin' us?"

"Not very well."

"Thin we'll go there. Sir Desmond, may I ax you for a light?"

The fresh cigar being lighted, Muldoon walked on in silence for several minutes.

Then he suddenly stopped, took his cigar from his mouth and said:

"Roger!"

"Yes, pop."

"Av there do be anny more larks pled on me to-night, I'll hold ye personally responsible. Do you moind?"

"Yes, pop."

"Very well, thin. Lead on to the O'Sullivan's watherfall, and av I catch ye up to anny of yere thricks I'll lave ye in the deepest part av it."

## CHAPTER VIII.

On the following day the entire party decided to make the tour of the lakes, the trip, as they would take it, using up the greater part of the day.

It rains nearly every day in Ireland and the natives are used to it and what a stranger would call a teeming rain they merely look upon as "fine, soft weather," and pay little attention to it.

However, on this occasion, the weather was all that could be desired and the prospects of an enjoyable trip were really very bright.

The lakes of Killarney are three in number, with connecting passages, so that they form a chain ten or twelve miles long, containing islands and strangely shaped rocks, and are bordered here and there by high mountains, while along shore are many curious caves of most of which quaint legends are related.

The party under charge of the guide, Sir John Courtenay, to give him his full title, left the hotel shortly after breakfast, and drove in carts or wagons to MacGillicuddy's Reeks, a range of high, barren mountains, about five miles distant.

Here they dismounted and entered the Gap of Dunloe, a wild, deep



pass running due north and south between the Reeks and the Torries Mountains, and passable only on foot or by horseback.

At all events the guides told Muldoon that, and as ponies were in readiness at the north of the gap he believed the yarn.

Sir Desmond, Mrs. Muldoon and Kitty rode, but Roger and the rest went afoot.

"Ride on wan av thim little bastes?" said Muldoon. "Faix, that wad be worse than a jaunty car. Faix, I think I'll walk. It's safer."

Before entering the gap the party turned aside to examine the cave, found in a field by some laborers years ago, and containing inscriptions carved on the stones of the roof in characters used before the flood.

"I'll not dispute it," said Muldoon, "I war not prisint at the toime."

Not far away was the cottage of Kate Kearney—not the original Kate, but her grandchild, or her cousin, or something like that.

"Is dat de Kate Kearney wot's in de song, boss?" asked Nibbsey.

"It is, but av I catch ye singing it I'll murder ye."

The principal reason for stopping at Kate's cottage seemed to be the obtaining of some supposed illicit whisky and goat's milk, the first of many such doses taken on the road through the gap.

Kate, or some other lady, it matters not who, sat by a peat fire in a low room with an uneven floor and a smoke-blackened ceiling, and "by the glance of her eye" persuaded nearly all the men to take a drink.

"Be heavens, the whisky's not so bad," said Muldoon, "but excuse me from the goat's milk, av yez plase."

"It's good for the brain, pop," said Roger.

"Then yez had betther dhrink a gallon av it, me bye."

Then they entered the gap which seemed more like a gigantic split in the mountain than a plain everyday glen, being decidedly narrow and its boundaries remarkably steep and abrupt.

A small stream ran through it and at times expanded into lakes with unpronounceable names, and spanned by bridges at the narrowest points.

Some shrubs and a wiry sort of grass grew in the gap, but the chief product seemed to be young girls and women with whisky to sell.

They sprang up at the most unexpected places, seemingly from the very ground, some running barefooted over the rough stones, some comfortably dressed, a very few pretty, but all with whisky to sell and all telling the same gag about it's being illicit.

"Good-mornin', sor," says one, the Colleen Bawn or Eileen Oge, or the Lily of Killarney or Annie Rooney, you can't tell which. "Sure ye'll have a dhrap av potheen and a sup av goat's milk before ye lave the black valley? It's the raal ould mountain jew that niver saw the eye of a gauger or an excise man."

They all told the same yarn and, moreover, they all had the same whisky.

"Rale old mountain dew, is it?" said Muldoon, after six or seven drinks, "and made up here in the mountains, is it, beyant the eye av the excise boord?"

"That's what they say, pop," laughed Roger.

"Faix, thin, av Kate Kearney and Eily O'Connor and the rist av them that we saw beyant are no more ginnine than the whisky, the whole thing's a lie."

"Oh, but these simple peasants would not tell a lie, pop."

"Wouldn't they, just! Simple, is it? Faix, they're just simple enough to coin money out av the gulls that go through here. That whisky was no more med in hidden stills than the goat's milk."

"Oh, pop!"

"It's truth I'm tellin' ye, me bye. I'll bet a dollar the whisky kem from Dublin and these gurruls buys it be the gallon and sells it at sixpence a dhrink to gawks, be heavens! Ivery dhrap I've had, and I've patronized six or seven women's taste just alike."

"After that, pop, you'll say that there are snakes in Ireland," said Roger, who had long since caught on to the deception practiced by these same simple minded peasants.

"And so there are," retorted Muldoon "and av yez drink enough av this bogus potheen ye'll find thim."

At any rate, the view was wild and romantic in the extreme, and, notwithstanding the women with the whisky, the blind fiddler and his wife, the men who wanted money to blow off the cannon which they fired here and there to arouse the echoes and numerous other frauds, beggars, toll-takers and humbugs, the party thoroughly enjoyed the ride.

At the head of the upper lake they took boats and made the tour of the chain, but any guide book of Ireland will give you all the points you want.

They went through the long reach, shot the rapids, passed under the old Weir and Brickeen bridges, saw the Eagles' Nest, had echoes talk back to them and listened to legends galore until their ears ached.

"There's wan thing that's certain," said Muldoon, "and that is that the Irish are either the most imaginative people in the wide worruld, or—"

"The biggest liars," added Roger.

"Faix, ye have Irish blood in ye," said the guide.

"That's a chestnut, Sir John," said Roger.

"Dese fellows make me sick," said Nibbsey. "Dey don't tink anybody but demselves kin be funny."

"I think ve're half Irish," said Sir John.

"Dat's where ye're off, cully. I'm New York, I am, and don't yer forget it. Der ain't no Mick's blood in me, young feller."

"You mean mixed, I suppose?" chuckled Roger.

"Dat's what I said. I'm American from away back, and I'm glad of it. I wasn't naturalized, you bet."

They could not pretend to do up the lake region in a day, and they did not attempt it, but Roger had his own scheme for the next day's trip.

Instead of going off on a cut-and-dried tour, he hired a boat, with four men to pull, took his father and mother, Kitty and Sir Desmond and explored the biggest lake systematically, taking a lunch with them, and paying no attention to set routes and guide-book regulations.

The next day the party was not so large, Roger and Miss Kitty being the only passengers.

The fact of the matter was that our young man was getting on.

The rest of the party could amuse themselves as they saw fit, but just now they were a crowd instead of company.

A week settled Killarney, and then the Muldoons struck for Limerick.

Roger had not played a good snap on his dad since the affair of the ghost in Muckross Abbey, and he was growing rusty for want of practice.

To be sure, he had been more pleasantly engaged, but all the same, he did not mean to let Muldoon go entirely neglected by any means.

When the party reached Limerick he determined to make up for lost time at once.

Brooks was there with the yacht, and they lived on board instead of going to the hotel, finding it much more comfortable.

They visited all the places of interest in the historical city, and then Sir Desmond proposed that they all should go north, visit the Giant's Causeway, Fingal's Cave and other romantic spots, and then keep right on around to Belfast.

"But I want to go to Dublin," said Muldoon.

"We can easily do that," said Roger, "and by that time we will have circumnavigated the island."

"Well, I don't know but that will be just as well," said Muldoon.

"We'll see more that way."

"And of course you must all go to Castle Connor and stay a month," said Sir Desmond.

"Two months, if you like, sir," answered Roger, with a laugh.

"Yes, and three wouldn't be distasteful to ye, aither, ye young dog," chuckled the other. "You and Kitty wouldn't even mind settling down there, I have no doubt."

Roger smiled, Kitty blushed, and then Mrs. Muldoon, like the discreet woman she was, managed to change the subject.

That day being the last they were to stay in Limerick Roger thought he might as well play a joke on Muldoon just to keep his hand in.

He and his father, the captain, the mate, the private secretary and Nibbsey were all out in the afternoon taking a walk.

They were standing in the square in front of the monument surmounted by the historical "treaty stone," a great square block upon which the treaty between Kings William and James was signed, October 1, 1691, in the presence of both armies, when Roger said:

"See that man crossing the street, pop?"

"I do."

"Celebrated man, that."

"Faix, I see nothing wonderful about him."

"He's the fastest runner in Ireland."

"Phwat! Faix, wan leg is three inches longer than the other."

"No, you're wrong, pop."

"How am I?"

"One leg is shorter than the other."

"Didn't I say it?"

"No."

"Yis, I did."

"Bet you a dollar you didn't."

"Well, it's all the same."

"Ah, now you're crawling."

"And is it him that's a fast runner?"

"Yes."

"I can bate him meself."

"Pshaw!"

"I can."

"You're no runner."

All the rest said the same thing.

"I tell yez I am," persisted Muldoon, getting mad.

"Why, you can't run once around this square in ten minutes," said Roger.

"I can't?"

"No," said all hands.

"I can do it twice in that time."

"I'll bet you won't."

Muldoon laughed scornfully.

"Put up yer money," he said. "It's that phwat talks."

"What'll you bet, then?"

"Anything ye like."

"Go on, name a sum."

"Tin pounds."

"Twenty, if you say so."

"No, tin will be enough."

"You might make it an object."

"And phwere wud ye get twinty pounds, me young grasshopper?"

"Borrow it from you, pop."

"Thin we'd better make it five, supposin' I lose, which I won't."

"Don't give us so much chin, boss," said Nibbsey. "I wan't to see you win de money fore I hear yer talk."



"Go an, ye monkey in buttons, or I'll t'row yez into the river."  
 "I'm bettin' yer can't do it m'self, boss," chuckled the youth.  
 "There's the money, pop," said Roger, exhibiting two five-pound Bank of England notes.  
 "Who'll hould the stakes?" asked Muldoon, producing a slip of nice, clean, white bank paper, good for ten pounds.  
 "Let the captain do it."  
 "Well, yis, I think he's safe."  
 The skipper took the notes and Roger produced his watch.  
 "Just nine minutes past two, pop. Are you ready?"  
 "Yis."  
 "You've got to go twice around the square in ten minutes."  
 "And I'll do it."  
 "All right. Half a minute. All ready?"  
 "Yis."  
 "Ready—go!"  
 Away went Muldoon like a shot out of a cannon.  
 No grass grew under his feet, you may be sure.  
 He made the round of the square, and was back to the starting point in three minutes.  
 "I'll win thim ten pounds av yours and have oceans av time to spare!" he shouted, as he shot past.  
 "Yes, you will!" chuckled Roger.  
 A big policeman, seeing a man running at full speed, conceived that something must be wrong.  
 "Stop thief!" shouted somebody.  
 There is a doubt in my mind who it was, but I won't say that it was not Roger.  
 At all events the effect of the shout was electrical.  
 First the big peeler took it up,  
 Then some people who had come into the square echoed it.  
 It was heard on all sides, and a crowd quickly collected.  
 Muldoon attracted universal attention in a jiffy.  
 He alone could be the one who had caused the hue and cry.  
 The big bobby made for him at once and twenty people joined in the chase.  
 Then some more people, headed by another copper, started to head him off.  
 He suddenly found his way obstructed, for he could never force a passage through that crowd.  
 He dodged and started to make a detour, feeling confident of victory.  
 The crowd dodged with him, however, and in half a shake he would have been caught.  
 Without thinking he suddenly dashed down a side street and put on a spurt.  
 "I'll get around it some way or another," he growled.  
 He did not seem to realize the fact that another job had been put upon him.  
 Down the street he dashed at full speed and for a time he held a good lead.  
 Then the cry was taken up again, however, and the chase was renewed hotter than ever.  
 Fresh forces joined in the pursuit and the crowd increased every minute.  
 Down one street, around this corner, across that square, through this lane and up another ran Muldoon, intent on getting back to his starting point within the prescribed limit.  
 Some of the gang ran back to intercept him, however, and when he came in sight of the treaty stone again they espied him.  
 He suddenly found himself surrounded.  
 Before he could break away two big policemen had him.  
 "Aha! we hov ye now, me foine feller."  
 "Ye can't get away from an Irish policeman, begorra."  
 "He's an English spy, hang him!"  
 "Lave go av me," cried Muldoon. "It's running for a wager I am."  
 "Ye are?" laughed the crowd.  
 "Yis, for a purse of twinty pounds."  
 "It's that much he's stolen," said one. "S'arch him, Dinny."  
 "Twenty pounds!" sputtered a bald-headed old gentleman, in a snuff-colored suit. "Why, that's just what I lost, my pocketbook contained that much and now I can't—search the villain."  
 "Ye'll not s'arch me, be heavens," said Muldoon. "I'm no robber, I'm a respectable citizen. Come over there to the monny mint and I'll prove it be me friends."  
 He certainly did look respectable, albeit, somewhat hot and flurried.  
 "iOf course they'll swear to his honesty," stammered the little old gent. "They're as bad as he is. He's got my wallet. I can't find it. Search him, he's the thief."  
 "Ye're a liar, I am not," retorted Muldoon. "Aven if I am, yez can't search me here. Take me before the judge. Come on over to the other side, me friends are there."  
 The officers could not refuse such a reasonable request, as Muldoon assuredly did not have the appearance of a thief.  
 He led the way, escorted by the officers, one on each arm, to the spot where the others had been.  
 Had been, but were not there now.  
 There wasn't the least sign of any of them.  
 Muldoon's surprise showed itself in his face.  
 "Where are they?" he muttered.  
 "Merely a subterfuge, constable," puffed the man who claimed to have been robbed. "I demand that he be searched."

"Yez can't do it," sputtered Muldoon. "Don't yez suppose I know the lah? Aven av I am a thief I hov the right to be heard in coort."  
 "There's justice in that," said one of the bobbies.  
 "Oh, he'll get justice enough, I warrant," snorted the little man.  
 "Take him before Justice S. O. Stuffles. I'll go with you."  
 The ten minutes was now a good deal more than up.  
 Off started the procession, Muldoon, the two boobies and the little man in brown leading it.  
 Presently they met Roger, Captain Brooks, Nibbsey, the mate and Bill.  
 "There's me frinds now," cried Muldoon. "Roger, tell thim how it is. They want to arrist me."  
 "What for?" asked Captain Brooks, in surprise.  
 The little man stated his charge.  
 "Nonsense!" cried the skipper. "This gentleman is rich enough to buy all Limerick. You must be crazy, fellow?"  
 "Fellow! How dare you? Do you know who I am?" sputtered the little man.  
 "You're an ass, whatever else you may be," returned Brooks, hotly.  
 The little man puffed and stamped and choked in his rage.  
 "I'll have you know, sir, that I am a professor in the University of Limerick, sir, a fellow of the Royal Irish Society of—"  
 Then he stopped and began looking for his handkerchief.  
 He hauled out a snuff-box, a spectacle case, half of a newspaper, a pocket memorandum book and a cigar case from one pocket and another, and at last produced his handkerchief.  
 It was in a side skirt pocket, and ought to have been found first.  
 With it came a fat wallet.  
 "There's your pocketbook now, ye falsifier," said Muldoon.  
 "Don't ye know where ye put things, ye little jumping-jack?"  
 If Muldoon had kept still, the old fellow would probably have been satisfied as to his own absent-mindedness.  
 To be called a jumping-jack was too much for his dignity, however.  
 He at once accused Muldoon of having put the wallet where it was found, in order to throw off suspicion.  
 "Ye're an idjut," said the Solid Man.  
 At that moment Sir Desmond appeared, with a friend of his, a man well known in the city.  
 Explanations were made, Sir Desmond vouched for Muldoon's honesty, his friend told the professor it was all right, the crowd dispersed, and Muldoon was set free.  
 "Sorry to have made a mistake, sor," said one bobby.  
 "Trust ye won't mintion it," said the other.  
 "H'm!" snapped the professor, and went away without the least bit of an apology.  
 "Ye called the man an ass, captain," said Muldoon. "He's not, he's a pig."  
 "Oh, he's a very worthy man," said Sir Desmond's friend, "but a bit absent-minded and very capricious and petulant."  
 "That's no excuse," said Muldoon. "Be the way, captain, I'll take that money."  
 "But you weren't back in ten minutes."  
 "I claim a foul."  
 "How so?"  
 "Wan av ye set the police on me."  
 "Oh, pop! To think that we would do a thing like that."  
 "Yer must be away off yer route, boss," said Nibbsey. "Say, I've got a new song, one o' de sailors learned it to me."  
 "Of all the girls I ever see, yo ho,  
 There's none like Nancy —"  
 "Shut up, ye monkey," muttered Muldoon. "Do yez want to create a riot? Av yez wor to sing that in New York ye'd be mobbed."  
 "Ain't dat a new song, boss?" asked the boy. "Well, den, how's dis?"  
 "Sweet violets, sweeter dan all——"  
 "Av yez don't cork up this minyute," said Muldoon, "I'll put ye undher the shtone on top av the monnymint yondher."  
 Nibbsey subsided, and then Muldoon said:  
 "Well, I'll take me tin pounds, anyhow. The bet's off, and——"  
 "Oh, boys, whatever do you mean  
 When you wink the other eye?  
 Oh, don't yer tink we're jolly green,  
 When yer wink——"  
 "Howld yer whist!" yelled Muldoon. "It's thryin' to confuse me ye are, but I won't forget about that tin pounds av mine the captain has."  
 "You're too clever for us, Muldoon," laughed the captain, handing over the ten pound note, but forgetting Roger.  
 "Come, old man, fork over my two five quids," said the young fellow.  
 "You? Oh, yes, you did give me some money, didn't you?"  
 "Only to turn over to me again, however," chuckled Roger.  
 "Really, you must excuse my forgetfulness."  
 "Fen furgettins, Whiskers," cried Nibbsey.  
 "You orter see my gal, my pretty little Louise,  
 We met down by the river under de cool and shady trees,  
 And now I go to see her Sundays  
 When de moon is shining——"



"Police!" cried Muldoon, and the boy with the terra cotta roof stopped.

"Niver mind how much ye sing, me bye," said Muldoon, "only cheese it, an' that song and dance av yours. I dhraw the line at that."

## CHAPTER IX.

FOR a wind up to their stay in Limerick, Roger made up his mind to play a corking old joke on his respected parent.

He took Brooks into his confidence for he needed a little help in the job he had on hand.

"We'll go off without pop, captain," he said, "or at least will pretend to do so and he'll be raving about, tearing his hair when he thinks we've left him behind."

"That's a good one," laughed the skipper.

"Yes, I think it is myself. When did you intend to sail?"

"At midnight, I think. That will give us a good chance for a tide on leaving the Shannon."

"All right, then, I'll get pop out of the way and we'll sail ahead of time."

The two jokers laughed over the scheme, and Muldoon would have been very mad if he could have heard them.

It was now just before dinner time, but Sir Desmond had received an invitation to dine with an old friend of his, Sir Dougal McFudd, Kitty and Roger being included, Muldoon and his wife having already been invited to attend a priyate theatrical affair at the Royal Irish Dragoons' barracks.

Roger had no time to lose, so he slipped into a dress suit, went ashore, jumped into a cab and drove off to Sir Dougal's.

Having already sworn never to ride in a jaunting car, he kept his word and took a cab instead.

Nibbsey, Bills and Frills went off to see the sights before leaving the ancient city, and that left Brooks and the crew alone.

"You must be back here by ten o'clock," he said to the page, "or you'll be left."

"All right, old Goldstripe, you kin count on me," said the youth.

At half-past nine, while the gentlemen were at their wine and cigars, a note was handed to Sir Dougal by the butler.

"For young Sir Roger," said the man, bowing low.

"Aha, me lad, they've made a knight of ye after all," laughed Sir Desmond.

"Well, I've often made a night of it myself," said Roger, taking the note which his host handed to him.

It was from Muldoon, and ran as follows:

"DEAR ROGER—Come to me at once. Am hurt. MULDOON."

"I wonder what ails him?" the young fellow thought. "Why couldn't he give particulars? Well, this will spoil my little joke, I am afraid."

"Father has been hurt," he said to Sir Desmond. "I must go to him. You'd better return to the vessel with Kitty at once. The barracks are in the opposite direction, or we could all go together."

Then he hurried away, and shortly afterward Sir Desmond and Miss Kitty took their leave.

Shortly after ten o'clock Captain Brooks, walking up and down the deck, was surprised by seeing three or four figures come on board, and by hearing Muldoon say:

"Get away as soon as yez can. This is me own private gag on Roger, be heavens!"

"The governor has evidently been drinking," muttered the captain, as the party hurriedly entered the cabin, "and though I don't like to say it, it looks as if the ladies were the same way."

Certainly Miss Kitty had to be carried into the cabin and Mrs. Muldoon did not appear to be much better off.

The night was dark, for the moon was not yet up, and the sky was overcast besides, so that perhaps the skipper was mistaken after all.

"That's good," he chuckled, as he called all hands. "Roger was going to work it on the old man and now he'll get it himself. Well, well, that's rich."

Roger went to the barracks of the Sixteenth Royal Irish Dragoons and at first was refused admittance because he had no invitation card.

"My name is Muldoon," he said, "Roger Muldoon of the America. My father is here and was injured in some way, I understand. I would like to see him."

"Very well, I'll inquire, but no one has been injured that I am aware of."

In ten minutes the usher came back, bringing Muldoon with him.

"Hallo, pop, you look all right?"

"So I am, be heavens. Who tould ye I war hurted?"

"You sent me word to that effect yourself."

"Faix, I did not. Hurted, is it? Troth, I've been dancing wid all the purty girruls in the room. The play war foine, but the dancing war out av sight."

"Is this one of your jokes, pop, to get square on me?"

"It is not."

"But this letter?"

Muldoon glanced it over with contracted brows.

"It's a forgery, be heavens!" he ejaculated. "I couldn't write like that av thried. It's betther nor my fisht."

"You did not write that?"

"I did not."

"Then something is up. I'm off to the vessel. Follow as soon as you can."

"Phwat do yez mane?" cried Muldoon, detaining the young fellow.

"I don't know, but I fear much. Hold up, did you ever see that handwriting before, or any like it?"

"Troth, I don't know, but it's not mine."

"It can't be the captain's?"

"No, his fisht luks like he'd dipped the butt ind av the pin in the ink and wrote wid it."

Just then Mrs. Muldoon came into the anteroom.

"They tell me Terry is hurted," she said, "and I wor dancing wid a handsome offisser wid iligant— Why, there ye are neow?"

"Bedalia, have yez iver seen anny writing like that?" asked Muldoon, passing over the note.

"Sure, I think I have, and yet I don't— Oh, murdher! I hov it!"

"What is it?"

"He always cud imitate anny writing he——"

"Who cud?"

"Only I niver tho't to meet him in this part of ——"

"Who do yez mean?"

"He must have been in a hurry, and he's put in a twisht that wor always in hee's own writing, the deceiving——"

"Hould on and tell us who yez mean, Bedalia, and give us the explanation ather."

"Oh, the robber, the vilyan, to think av it! Faix, I'm sorry yez didn't have him arrested whin yez met him——"

"Howly fiddler!" ejaculated Muldoon. "Do you mean Sarsfield?"

"Yis."

"He's a forger, eh, as well as iverything else!"

"He always cud write just——"

"I'm off, pop!" cried Roger. "I see the whole business. It's a plot to abduct Kitty, but I'll nip it or my name is Denis."

Jumping into the cab which had brought him to the place, he told the jarvy to drive with all speed to the dock where the America had her berth.

"I'm a chump if that fellow Hoolihan gets the best of me," he muttered. "Drive faster, Pat, I'll give you a sovereign if you get there in time."

Away rattled the cab over the stones and at half-past ten or a little later, Roger jumped out, tossed the man a quid and hurried toward the spot where the vessel lay.

He was suddenly accosted by Nibbsey who ran up and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Say, Mr. Roger, dere's sumpin' crooked going on."

"Yes, I know it," said Roger, looking at the boy who stood just under a street lamp.

"Come away fuder from de light," said the page. "Dat black whiskered chap is layin' for you. He's got Miss Kitty on board and three or four blokes and de cap'n don't know it."

"Then why didn't you——"

"I was comin' down when I see the whole business. Dey bashed de old duffer on de head, chucked him in a alleyway and chucked a cloak over Miss Kitty. I see who dey was, but I didn't say not'n'. Den I heard Hoolihan say dey must look out for you when yer come."

"Here, give me your cap and jacket and take my things. It's a tight fit, but I'll have to risk it."

In a jiffy Roger whipped off his swallowtail and vest and got inside of Nibbsey's tight-fitting, many-buttoned green jacket.

Handing his silk hat to the boy, he put on the latter's cap and said:

"There, I'm you, and you're me. Come along in a few seconds."

The yacht was about to leave the shore, in fact, a couple of sailors had hold of the gangplank, when a boy in buttons rushed up.

"Say, don't yer go an' leave me behind, you duffers."

Brooks was in the pilot-house and was about to ring the bell.

"Let him on," said a husky voice. "That you, boy? Where's your master?"

"I dunno where de boss is, but Mr. Roger's right behind me. He's goin' ter play roots on de old man—see?"

He hurried aboard and at the next moment the supposed Roger came reeling across the plank, his hat on crooked, his vest unbuttoned and his legs all tangled up.

"Seize him!" hissed Sarsfield, for it was he and no one else. "Chuck him into one of the rooms and lock him up."

The supposed Nibbsey had gone forward in the meantime and no one paid any attention to him.

In another moment the signal to start was given, and the yacht glided out into the river.

Roger kept his mouth shut and his eyes open and soon discovered that there were four or five strange sailors on board beside Hoolihan himself.

"The thing was well planned," he muttered. "Even Brooks cannot have tumbled yet."

Once or twice he looked toward the cabin to see if Bills or the steward were about, but he saw nothing of them.

"That young red head knows a heap of things," he muttered, "and he'll find out all he can. I'll get a chance to see him before morning."

Roger was right, for Brooks did not know the actual state of affairs and Sarsfield passed for Muldoon in his mind.

He was busy, to be sure, getting the vessel down the river, and after the first appearance of the plotting Irishman, had not bothered to say anything to him, hurrying matters so as to get the joke on Roger as he supposed.

He remained in the pilot-house till midnight and all that time he supposed that Muldoon was on board and that they were running away from Roger.



The latter could not inform him to the contrary for he could see that the pilot-house was watched and that no one was allowed to go near it.

"Hoolihan is playing a deep game," he muttered. "I wonder how it will end."

At midnight Captain Brooks came out of the pilot-house and made his way towards the cabin, leaving two sailors in charge.

As he was descending to the deck he saw Muldoon, or thought he did, standing at the foot of the ladder.

"Well, Muldoon, we've got the joke on Roger this time, sure enough."

"Be heavens, we have!"

"He'll own up that you're good at jokes now, won't he?"

"Be heavens, he will!"

"Pleasant night, isn't it?"

"Be heavens, it is!"

Roger was not far away, and he heard all this.

"Brooks ought to know that man to be a fraud," he mused.

"Pop only says 'be heavens' when he is excited. Sarsfield is overdoing it."

"You're up late, Mr. Muldoon."

"Yis, be heavens!"

"Well, I think I'll turn in."

"Good-night," said the pretended Muldoon, in an unnecessarily loud tone.

The words seemed to be a signal, for, as Brooks entered the cabin, two of the strange men stole quickly and noiselessly after him.

Just as he reached the bottom of the stairs they sprang upon him, threw a coat over his head, pinioned his arms and forced him into a small state-room, locking the door upon him.

"That's all right, sir," they said, returning to the deck.

"Good enough," muttered Sarsfield, throwing off his mask. "He won't bother us any more."

"And the min in the pilot-house?"

"They're all right for the present. They have their course and will follow it."

"And young Muldoon?"

"He's too drunk to know anything. We'll put him ashore somewhere in the morning and let him shift for himself."

"You think you will," mused Roger, keeping dark.

"We can't keep the captain prisoner," said the man.

"We'll land him further down the coast."

"And the young lady?"

"She'll marry me, of course, and then we can land anywhere we like. Her guardian can't help himself then."

"It'll be safer to go over to France or to America. Sir Desmond might have us up for piracy."

"Do you know enough to take the vessel across the ocean?"

"Certainly. Ain't I a navigator?"

"Well, we'll see about it."

"So we will," thought Roger.

He wasn't a bit tickled by the way things had gone.

It was one thing to humbug his dear old dad, and quite another to outwit a shrewd, scheming villain like Sarsfield Hoolihan.

However, he was no slouch at getting up rackets, Roger wasn't, and he could run a snap or foil a blackguard with equal ease.

Presently he slouched toward the cabin, and Sarsfield saw him, the reverse being utterly impossible to manage.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Where do yer s'pose, Rocksey? Into de cabin, o' course," said Roger, in the toughest tone. "Dat's where I belong."

"Well, you can go forward for to-night."

"Yes, I kin, but I ain't a-goin' ter. See?"

"I'll split your head open, you young dog! I'm master here now. Do you understand?"

"Why, certainly. I ain't blind, am I? I ain't sayin' not'n' agin yer bossin' tings, but I'm goin' ter sleep in de cabin. See?"

He went into the cabin at all events.

His fresh, saucy, tough ways were altogether too much for Sarsfield.

"It's all right," the latter muttered. "He can't do anything. He can wait on me and I'll set him ashore. It'll never do to take him to New York."

Sarsfield did injustice to both Roger and Nibbsey.

He made a mistake, whichever way you want to put it.

He was wrong in thinking that Nibbsey, either real or bogus, was harmless and not to be feared.

Take Roger and the red head together and you had a team.

Being allowed to enter the cabin the young fellow went to the room Nibbsey generally occupied, but found it locked.

"Yer can't go in there, bub," growled one of Sarsfield's allies.

"What's de reason? Ain't it my room?"

"Well, there's some one in there."

"Why didn't ye say so?" and Roger tried his own room.

"Yer can't go there neither."

"Ah, you go take a walk," and the supposed page then entered the room usually occupied by Sir Desmond.

He took care to remove the key before closing the door, by the way.

"I'll need that," he mused. "These keys are all alike."

Sarsfield might find a surprise party waiting for him in the morning.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Muldoon reached the wharf, the America had departed.

"Be heavens, Bedalia!" he muttered. "This is some joke av Roger's."

"No, it can't be. That letther?"

"Maybe that wor on'y a fake."

"What do ye mean?"

"That Roger only med up the note for a joke."

"Muldoon, ye must be crazy," said the lady. "I know Roger do be all the time jokin' ye, but that's not the way he does it."

"Is that you, Muldoon?" asked a voice in the darkness.

"It is. Is that you, Sir Desmond?"

"It's the same, or I think so. I've been robbed."

"Oh, murder!"

"And Kitty stolen from me."

"Who done it?"

"That vilyan av a secretary."

"Bills?"

"No, Hoolihan."

"Faix, then, what's become of Roger?"

"I don't know."

"Naither do I, but the boat's gon', at all evints. Maybe he's been carried aff be the ruffians?"

"Go to the polis station and give the alarrum," suggested Mrs. Muldoon.

"Bedalia, ye're a jool. I niver tho't av it."

Half an hour later, the police of Limerick knew all about the robbery of the yacht, or as much of it as Muldoon did.

Roger had not shown himself, nor the captain nor any of the party, and it was presumed that they were all on board.

"How can we reach them?" asked Muldoon.

"Take a train to Tralee. It's likely they'll pass there, or maybe put in, to land Roger and the captain," said Sir Desmond.

"We don't know that they're there?"

"Well, it's a chance. We might go to Kilrush, but they'll be there ahead of us."

"Faix, we can telegraph, can't we?"

"If the office is open. It's nearly midnight."

"We'd better all go to a hotel and get rested," said Mrs. Muldoon. "The polis will attend to all this."

"Faix, Bedalia, ye're a regular oracle for sayin' wise things to-night," said Muldoon. "Yer advice is the best to be had."

They went to a hotel, as Mrs. Muldoon suggested, her husband requesting that he be called at seven o'clock.

His request was put on file, but that was all.

He awoke of his own accord at nine o'clock and found that his watch had stopped three hours before.

Then he got up, dressed himself and went down-stairs.

Then he found a message from the chief of police.

"Have wired Tralee. Had seen nothing of the vessel."

"Well," muttered Muldoon, "I suppose we'll have to stay here now until we do hear from her. If Roger is on board he'll send word to us here—if he's let, but maybe that vilyan, Sarsfield, has him locked up. I wish now I'd bruk his neck, instead av merely chuckin' him overboard, be heavens!"

Roger was not a prisoner on board the yacht by any means.

He waited till all was quiet, which was about three o'clock, and then he stole into the cabin.

He opened the door of his own room with the key he had, and found Nibbsey lying in the bunk asleep.

"Front!" he hissed in the boy's ear.

Nibbsey was awake in an instant.

"You know where Bills and the steward sleep?"

"Yes, Mr. Roger."

"Go and let them out. Here, you'd better put on your own jacket. Tell them to be ready for squalls."

"All right," and away went the boy on his errand.

He returned in ten minutes and said:

"I've let out old Scribbler and the steward and Whiskers too. He's as mad as dey make 'em and says he'll bust that black-lookin' Irishman in the snoot."

"That's right, but he mustn't do it yet."

"Den I went on de roof and found desailor men, but I couldn't say nothin', because de ugly Mick was dere and sayed he'd do me up if I didn't go down."

"Could you see where we were?"

"No, sir, I couldn't. Dey ain't any street signs out on the ocean."

"On the ocean?" gasped Roger. "Are we on the ocean?"

"Well, I couldn't see no land."

"Maybe there's a fog."

"No, dey ain't. It's clear as day. De moon is up now and de stars are out, but it's getting lighter."

"Well, we'd better wait. Sarsfield is on deck, you say?"

"Yep."

"Did you see Miss Kitty?"

"Nope."

"Lie down here and go to sleep. I shall want you by and by, and then you'll have to be wide awake."

"Yer kin count on me every time, Mr. Roger," said Redhead. "I'd just like not'n' better dan to give dat snoozer one in de snoot."

"Well, you may have the chance sooner than you suppose."

That's just what he did have, as you will see.

A little later, when it was growing light, Roger stole out intending to tell Kitty that he was on hand.



At that very instant Sarsfield Hoolihan came into the cabin.

He was onto Roger like a hammer on a tack.

"How did you get there?" he asked, in a surprised and angry tone.

"Swam, of course," returned the saucy young fellow.

"Well, then, you'd better swim back again for you're not wanted here."

"Oh, but I think I am, Mr. Hoolihan."

"Ye won't do any good then, for I've got everything right in my hands. Hallo, Brophy, Murtagh, Branigan, come down here."

The man made a sudden spring at the young fellow, expecting to catch him napping.

He wasn't in it just a trifle, however.

Roger threw a chair between his legs and tripped him, at the same time calling:

"Hallo, Nibbsey, captain, Bills, Frills, Norah, Mr. Martin, everybody, all hands on deck!"

In a second half a dozen doors flew open and out rushed as many people.

As Sarsfield's allies came rushing down from deck they suddenly found themselves looking cross-eyed at a pair of revolvers in the captain's hands.

"Back with you, every mother's son of you, you piratical blackguards, or I'll let daylight through you quicker'n scat!"

To this gentle request of the skipper the three men gave prompt obedience.

"Run on deck, young fellow," said Brooks to Nibbsey, "and call all hands aft."

"Bet yer life!" returned Nibbsey.

As he passed Sarsfield, lying on the floor, he bestowed a kick on him and said:

"You're in de soup, old Blackchops—see? Yer are like de label on a bottle, ye're not in it."

In a minute the crew came rushing aft.

This was the first they knew that anything was crooked.

"Take those three fellows and put 'em in irons."

"Ain't got none, cap'n," said Nibbsey. "S'pose we chuck 'em overboard? Won't dat do?"

"Lock 'em up in the fore-peak, then, and take this fellow along."

That fellow was Sarsfield, and he looked very black.

"I'm a gentleman," he said. "Ye have no right to—"

"To be continued in our next," said Roger. "That'll do, my gallant Sarsfield. This battle of Limerick is a Waterloo for you."

"I wish I'd knocked you on the head when I chucked you into your room," muttered Sarsfield.

"You never did, gentle stranger," chuckled Roger. "That was Nibbsey. You will perceive that he is a blond. The Buttons that you saw last night was my humble self."

Sarsfield muttered something with a sulphurous odor to it.

"You will perceive," continued Roger, "that I am quite as good in tripping up villains as in playing practical jokes. This is not your inning. Go take your base."

"Never mind, young man," growled Sarsfield. "My time will come yet."

"Get on to de theayter bloke," laughed Nibbsey. "Dat's what de villain always says in de play. Say, are you an actor? Well, you're the worst I ever seen."

"Take him away," said Roger. "Sarsfield, my boy, you're not on in this run. Your next appearance is in the court room act."

Sarsfield was then lugged away with the rest and set at passing coal down below.

There was no room in the cabin for a viper like that and Roger was quite right in setting him to work instead of making a high-toned prisoner of the ruffian.

After this, Kitty was released and she and Roger had a regular kissing match of it.

"Yum-yum!" muttered Nibbsey, on the sly.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," said Kitty. "That horrid thing declared that he'd marry me this time in spite of everything."

"He didn't reckon on me," said Roger. "I'm going to do that myself."

"Oh, but I'm a ward, you know."

"I don't care if you're a whole city, I'm going to have you."

"What'll we do now, Roger?" asked the captain.

"Where are we?"

"Don't know till I can get an observation. There's no land in sight."

"Where could this scoundrel have been running then? Do you think he would have dared to go straight across?"

"He's bad enough to try it. I know one of his men, he's an old sailor, been mate of a ship, but he's a scamp."

"Go across to America with that horrid thing?" cried Kitty. "I would never do it."

"You might if Roger had not shown up. I expect I would have been landed somewhere along the coast before long."

Captain Brooks now put the vessel about and went along at good speed, and after breakfast took an observation.

He had just managed to get it when the wind suddenly shifted, and a thick, soggy, clammy, utterly miserable fog settled down upon the sea.

It seemed to have come to stay, too, worse luck.

You could scarcely see the length of the vessel it was so thick.

"This is pleasant," said Roger. "There's no telling where we are

now. Pop will have a fit, sure. He will certainly think we have run away from him this time."

The fog lasted all day long, and all Roger's calculations were upset by it.

The skipper was obliged to go very slowly, and to keep his fog horn tooting every few minutes.

Then there were cross currents and all that, and not being able to see where he was going, he could not tell what he might run against.

All this was very vexatious to Roger and the rest, but there was no help for it.

The captain dared not try to make a port in such a fog, and so he lay to and waited.

Late that night the fog was blown away, and the America was once more started for shore.

The skipper headed for Tralee, or as near to it as possible, and, by good luck, he hit it early in the forenoon.

Roger then went ashore and telegraphed to Sir Dougal McFudd as follows:

"See father and tell him the vessel is ours. Sarsfield taken. Detained by fog. Will wait here."

In an hour there came an answer.

"Your father gone to Tralee to look for you. McFudd."

"Oh, he has, has he?" laughed Roger. "Well, that's curious. I wonder where he is?"

He did not have to wonder very long, for, upon going into the street, he saw Muldoon approaching, a few rods distant.

A sudden, mischievous idea popped into his head at that moment.

At the next Muldoon saw him and came rushing up to meet him.

"Oho, Roger, me bye, when did yez get in? How is Kitty? Is ther captain all right? Phwat did yez do wid Sarsfield, the blackguard? He didn't get the better av yez, did he, the black-muzzled—"

Then Muldoon stopped, for Roger's face was like a white-washed wall, it was so blank.

"Ah, beg pahdon, mah friend, but really Ah don't know yah. To whom have Ah the honah of speaking?"

"Who, is it? Why it's me, av coorse, yer father, be heavens. Have yez gon' looney?"

"Mah fathah? Ah, beg pahdon. Aw you the Awl of Ballybrannigan?"

"Ye know I'm not, I'm Terrence Muldoon, yer mother's husband. Lave aff yer foolin' neow, Roger, and tell me all—"

"Ah, beg yaw pahdon, but if yaw not the Awl of Ballybrannigan, yaw not mah fathah."

Roger never winked nor smiled nor moved a muscle, but kept his face as devoid of expression as a block of marble.

"And do yez mean to tell me that ye're not Roger Muldoon?" gasped the puzzled Solid Man. "Come off, I say. Phwat are yez givin' me?"

"Ah was not awah that Ah gave you anything, fellah. Ah'm the Awl of Ballybrannigan's son, mah nahme is Viscount Bertie Fitz Willoughby Albermarle."

"Is it, faith?" gasped Muldoon. "Excuse me, but you look the livin' imige av me son."

"Ah, really? Ah've hawd of such resemblances befaw. Historians declaw that every man has his counterpart."

"I believe yez, me bye. Ye're me son Roger over again."

"Ah feel very sad."

"Phwat about?"

"To think that thah is anothah man in the wowld with that face."

Then without a grin or a wink Roger passed solemnly on, leaving Muldoon transfixed.

"Be heavens, I don't know phwat to make av it," muttered Muldoon. "Sure, I've h'ard av this theory av ivery mon having his double somewhere in the worruld before, but I niver tuck stock in it."

Suddenly another thought struck him.

"Well, the son av the Earl of Ballybrannigan may be Roger's double, but be heavens, he wouldn't have to wear the same clothes."

Then he set out to find that scamp of a son of his, but Roger had skipped.

"I'll bet tin dollars to a lead cint that the bye wor stuffin' me," he remarked. "That last remark av his respecting me face convinces me av it. Sure that dude wudn't have the brains to say a thing like that. It wor Roger, sure."

He could not find the young fellow, however, and he went to the hotel instead.

A few minutes later Roger himself came in, having followed his dad without being noticed.

"Good-morning, your grace," said Muldoon. "How is the earl?"

"Hallo, pop, I'm awfal glad to see you. I heard of you at the telegraph office. Is Sir Desmond with you? We've got that rascal Hoolihan where he won't get away in a hurry. I've lots to tell you, besides."

"I beg yer pardon, but aren't ye the son av the Earl of Bally—who's this?"

"What's eating you, pop? Has this thing affected you so badly? I'm all right, and so's Kitty. We're engaged—that is, if Sir Desmond hasn't objections."

"Yez haven't asked my consent yet, ye young tailor-made sprig av nobility. Since whin hov I been an earl?"

"What are you talking about, pop? Have you got rats in your garrett? You'd better ask mother to give you a dose of medicine."

"Let's see what's this his name is! Why, Count Billy Boy Birchie



Fitz Panama Canal, is that it? I can't raymimber thim long names."

"You have got it bad, governor, and no error. I'm afraid that grief at my supposed loss has turned your brain. Well, I'm alive, pop, and glad of it. Order a small bottle."

"But how about the earl, Roger?"

"What earl?"

"The one ye said was yer father."

It was no use.

Muldoon couldn't corner the scamp.

He slid out of the trap set for him every trip.

Finally Muldoon gave it up and he and Roger went up-stairs.

Roger got his small bottle just the same and Muldoon paid for it.

Mrs. Muldoon was overjoyed to see her son again and she had no end of questions to ask him, to most of which he made answer.

He would not tell what had become of Sarsfield, however, for he wanted to ask Muldoon about it first.

"Come on, let's all go on board," said Muldoon. "Sir Desmond has been lookin' for yez a whole day. He's down on the docks now."

All hands went on board, and here they found Sir Desmond, who had already heard of the arrival of the America.

There was a great reunion all around, but Sarsfield Hoolihan was not present at it.

"What are we going to do with Sarsfield, pop?" asked Roger, of his father, on the quiet.

"He ought to be locked up, be heavens! but I don't suppose yer mother wud hear to it. She's too soft hearted."

At that moment Nibbsey attracted Roger's attention and beckoned to him to go out on deck.

"Say, Mr. Roger," said the boy, "that bloke has sneaked."

"Who?"

"De snoozer wot tried to run away wid your gal. I take me oat' I t'ought we had him fixed."

"Do you mean Sarsfield?"

"Dat's him."

"He has escaped?"

"Sneaked out by a port or sump'n' and got away. De oder fellers is waitin' to be took to jail."

"Where they'll probably get ten years apiece if we make a charge against them," mused Roger, "while the ringleader goes free."

Calling Muldoon out, he told him everything and said:

"I think we'd better drop the whole business. Don't you?"

"Sarsfield has skipped?"

"Yes."

"And the others have been passin' coal?"

"Yes."

"Thin let thim go. That's punishment enough for anny man, be heavens!"

## CHAPTER XI.

THE pirates having been disposed of quietly, the next thing to think about was the tour of Ireland, which had been temporarily interrupted.

From Tralee they struck north, and, provided with a pilot familiar with the Irish coast, first went to Galway, visiting the islands of Aran and other points of interest, and after that intending to keep right on up the coast and around Ireland to Dublin.

"We'll stay an boord these days," said Muldoon, "and not go lavin' the ship to take care av itself. The forst I know that red-headed bye will be running away wid it."

"We can easily make our headquarters on the steamer," added Roger, "and stop wherever we like, making shorter or longer excursions into the country as we see fit."

The first stop was at Galway, and all hands were greatly interested in the old buildings which give color to the story that the place was formerly occupied by the Spaniards.

"Seems ter me everybody had a whack at Ireland some time or another," said Nibbsey, "and den dey let it go."

"They couldn't keep it, me bye," said Muldoon.

"Maybe dey didn't want it, boss. I wouldn't take de whole place for a gift, I wouldn't. De United States is good enough fur me."

"Go an, ye renegade Mick, I'm ashamed av ye. Sure Ireland is the best place in all the worruld."

"Then why don't you and de rest of de Micks stay dere, boss?" asked the boy, taking care to get out of range of Muldoon's fist.

"We won't be let, that's why. Thim English wants to grind us down and dhrive us out, be heavens, so's they can have the land to thimselves."

"Ah, rats!" said the irrepressible Buttons. "Youse Micks would stir up a row wherever you went, dat's wot's de matter wid youse."

Muldoon evidently thought that there was too much truth in this remark to bother to contradict it, and he merely smiled and changed the subject.

"I put a stopper on the old man's jaw that time," whispered Nibbsey to Bills, with a broad grin.

Here was where Roger played another snap on Muldoon, just so he would not forget how to do it.

As they were walking along he caught sight of something in a toy-shop window which he concluded to have.

Hanging back and leaving Kitty with his mother, he slipped in and bought it.

Then he caught up with the rest of the crowd, carrying his purchase, neatly wrapped up, under his arm.

When lunch time arrived they concluded to have something to eat in a restaurant and not return to the vessel till evening.

Roger lighted upon a nice place and ordered the lunch while the rest were seating themselves.

He gave his parcel to the head waiter with a grin, a few instructions and half a crown, and then joined the others.

"Phwat did yez ordher, Roger?" asked Muldoon, tucking his napkin under his chin.

"Some nice roasted fowls, a bottle of something, a bit of cheese, pastry and coffee."

"Begorry, yez have fine discrimination, me young Delmonico, so yez have."

"Well, I know what's good," said Roger, with a wink.

Presently the waiter came along, bringing a finely roasted and browned chicken upon a platter.

Nibbsey stood behind Muldoon's chair to pass the plates, fill the glasses and assist the head waiter, for he was a dandy at that sort of business.

"I'll carve this one," said Roger, with a wink to the waiter. "Bring the other to Mr. Muldoon, if you please."

"It is coming, sir, be here directly," said the man, while Nibbsey put a small pile of hot plates in front of Roger.

The other fowl arrived in a moment, and was placed before Muldoon.

"I'll have this one all carved and served before ye're half through, me bye," he said, "and it's bigger."

"All right, pop, let her go," and Roger stuck his fork astride the breast bone and proceeded to dissect his bird.

One leg was neatly sliced off and disjointed, the wing on that side followed and then came two or three juicy slices of the breast.

Muldoon had not succeeded in getting his fork in by this time and his face grew very red.

"Take that to Miss O'Connor, with my compliments," said Roger, giving the boy a plate with a second joint and a bit of white meat on it.

"I don't care av it is the shtoye to sit down to carve," muttered Muldoon, perspiringly, as he arose. "I'm going to stand up to this job."

This time he got his fork in and began to cut.

That is to say, he tried to do so, but there seemed to be some insuperable objection on the chicken's part to this operation.

"Take this to Mrs. Muldoon," said Roger, fixing a plate for his mother.

Muldoon was sawing away in the meantime and managed to get one leg off.

"Phwat sort of a birrud do yez call this, annyhow?" he asked.

"Spring chicken, pop."

"Oh, is it? This spring or last? Faix, I think it's five springs ago, be the way it cuts."

"Take this to Sir Desmond," said Roger. "How are you making out, pop, with your spring chicken?"

"Spring chicken, is it?"

"Certainly."

"Be heavens, I think ye're right, it is a spring chicken, it's all springs and they're all av the toughest steel, not to be cut wid an ax."

"Captain Brooks," said Roger, with a nod to Nibbsey.

Muldoon had carved off another leg by this time, but he was all in a sweat.

Then he began to cut off the white meat.

He slashed off a thick slice, looked at it, put on his eye-glasses, looked again and muttered:

"Faix, I think this birrud must have lived in the back yard av some newspaper office."

"How's that, pop?"

"And been fed on leading editorials and spring pomes."

"No wonder it's tough. Take this to Mr. Bills."

"Yis, and the paper seems to have stuck in. Will yez look at that?"

Muldoon held up a leg for all to look at.

It certainly had a papery look at the joint.

"That's all of this one, pop," said Roger, helping himself. "You can have the whole of that yourself."

Roger was too good a carver not to have looked out for himself, and the waiter now removed the denuded carcass of the first chicken, Muldoon looking blankly at the one intrusted to his care.

"Ate thot!" he exclaimed. "Faix, I'm not a billy goat."

"What's the matter, pop?"

"Me teeth wor not made to masticate paper."

"Paper!" cried everybody.

"Yis, paper, or paper mash, av yez loike. I can't ate that."

"Well, I take me oat'," said Nibbsey, under his breath, for he was in good company now, and could not let himself out as he would have liked to do.

Everybody laughed, but they went right on eating just the same. As yet Muldoon's plate was as white and clean as when it was brought to him.

He looked all around the table, and then remarked:

"Yez all seem very busy."

"Faix, we are."

"Pitch in, pop."

"Don't be bashful, Mr. Muldoon."

"If you don't see what you want ask for it."

"Seems to me that a whole chicken ought to be enough for one man."

"Waiter!" said Muldoon.



"Yis, sor."

"Bring me another fowl, not a literary wan this time, moind."

The ruins of the property chicken were taken away without a smile by the well-trained servitor, and then Muldoon said:

"Roger!"

"Yes, sir."

"The worst thing I wish ye is that whin yez have children av yer own, they'll give yez no peace wid their larks and rackets."

Then everybody laughed, Roger included.

"Why, pop," he said, "half of the fun in life would be gone if you weren't around."

"Yis, and all av it for me, be heavens!"

"You wouldn't deprive me of half the enjoyment I have, would you?"

"No, but it's too unaquil. I'm left out of the calculation intirely."

"Why, how's that?"

"In being deprived av a thrunk shtrap, to belt the nonsense out av ye whin ye push me too hard."

There was more giggling at this, and then Muldoon got something to eat.

"It was ye who put thim up to saddle that paper mash chicken on me, Roger."

"I don't deny it, pop."

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I'm not giving anything away, governor. You must be satisfied with knowing that much."

"I know," said Kitty. "It was in the toy shop. I thought he was going to buy me something!"

"What I'm going to buy for you won't come out of a toy shop, Miss Kitty," said the young fellow.

That set the others to giggling, and Kitty blushed.

After lunch was over they started out sightseeing again, and kept it up till evening.

Leaving Galway, they went to Donegal, and here were more things of natural and historical interest, a full description of which may be found in Pry's "North of Ireland," price one shilling, post paid.

At Donegal they laid in a supply of coal, likewise fresh provisions, and started straight up the coast, keeping right on around the north till they reached the far famed Giant's Causeway, the finest basaltic formation in the world.

Of course there was plenty to be seen here, and daily emissions were made to the many points of interest.

One fine day the whole company with the exception of two or three sailors and the second mate left in charge of the vessel, went on a visit to the celebrated Fingal's Cave.

After seeing the principal cave and eating their lunch in the shade of a cliff, they set out to explore some of the smaller caves.

Muldoon and Nibbsey happened to get together, and skipping over a lot of broken columns left clear by the falling tide, the boy entered a small cave which suddenly took his eye.

"I say, boss, here's one all to ourselves!" he cried.

"Where are yez going, ye monkey?" cried Muldoon, following.

The path was rough but not hard to travel and Muldoon was soon right in the bowels of the earth.

A stream of water ran through the cave but there was room enough on each side and the two adventurers kept on till they reached the very end.

It was a bit dark here, but Nibbsey had half a dozen candle ends and he now lighted one and placed it on a column of rock four or five feet high, and about ten in diameter.

"Looks as if dey'd driven spiles all over dis place—don't it, boss?"

"It do, for a fact. Oh, begorry, it's tired I am wid the walk!"

"Sit on de pillar, boss, and let yer feet hang over," said Buttons, setting the example.

"It's a good thing ye bro't the candles," said Muldoon, taking a seat. "The other ind of the cave takes a twisht, and we don't get much light."

"It's a cold day when I don't think o' things we want, boss," answered the youth.

"Yis, yer a purty good bye; but there's wan thing I want ye to stop."

"Wat's dat, boss?"

"Follyin' the pernicious example av me son Roger wid playin' thricks on the ould man."

"Yer don't mean de Irish lord, do yer, boss?" asked Nibbsey, opening his eyes.

"Ye know very well I don't, ye be bespangled midget!"

"Do yer mean old Longjaws, the type-writin' crank?"

"Faix, I do not."

"Den yer must mean de boss o' de ship?"

"No, sor."

"Don't de sailors call him de Old Man?"

"They do."

"Well, I never put up no jobs on him at all, boss."

"I niver said yez did."

"Well then, yon've got me."

"Ye know more than ye purtind. It's mesilf I have reference to."

"Play tricks on you, boss?" and the boy's look was innocence itself.

"Aha," assented Muldoon.

"Take me oat', boss, I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't have de gall."

He was awfully innocent, he was, but Muldoon was onto him just the same.

"Don't deny it, ye sunny-headed Hop-o-me thumb," he said, "for I know ye, and the next time I catch ye workin' off anny second

hand gags on me, I'll welt blazes out av ye. Av Roger is too big to spank, ye're not."

"Say, boss," said Buttons, adroitly changing the subject. "Will Mr. Roger live in Ireland when he's married?"

"Faix, I hope he will."

"Do you want to live here?"

"I do not."

"Yer'll have ter, if he does."

"For why, may I ax?"

"His moder won't live anywhere else."

"She won't?"

"No, and you'll have ter live where she does."

"Who tould yez that?"

"Oh, I know the missus."

"Ye do?"

"Bet yer life."

"Well, maybe you do," and Muldoon chuckled.

Then they got to talking about other things till the candle end burned out.

"Come on," said Muldoon, slipping off the pillar of rock. "We'd betther be goin' before they miss us."

They made their way along until they came in sight of the mouth of the cave and then Muldoon stopped.

Before him lay a sheet of choppy water which covered all the path.

"We're cot be the tide, be heavens!" he gasped. "The cave is flooded."

"Well, I take me oat', if yer ain't got it dead right dis time, boss."

"Phwat'll we do now?"

"Go back, boss. Where we was is higher up."

"We'll hov to, faix. Luck what a small place there is to get out at."

"It's big enough, but de water's too deep."

"Phwy didn't yez luck to see av the tide wor comin' up whin ye kum in here, ye monkey?"

"Never thought of it."

"Well, thin, ye had a right."

"Dey ain't no use o' cryin over spilled milk, boss. Dere's lots of room here."

A wave splashed over the toe of Muldoon's patent leather boots at that instant and he stepped back.

"Come on, boss, let's go back to de rock we was sittin' on."

The boy then lit a candle end and led the way.

"Shtop a minyute!" said Muldoon, presently.

"What's de matter, boss?"

"Shtand shtill and hold up the light, ye young interrogation p'int."

Nibbsey did as requested.

It was just as Muldoon supposed.

High water mark could be seen on the walls of the cave away above his head all along.

"Go an, ye monkey," he said, as a wave came chasing after him and soaked his socks.

They soon reached the column again, at the end of the cave, and sat on top of it.

It was the highest one to be found and was at the very end.

"Light two candles," said Muldoon, "and dom the ixpinse."

"Light 'em all if yer like, boss."

"No, we may need thim."

"What fur?"

"To ate, ye hoodlum."

"To eat?"

"Yis. Goodness only knows whin we'll get out av this."

"Well, I take me oat'!"

"Yis, it may be hours before we get away, ye careless young imp."

"Are candles good to eat, boss?"

"Whin yez hav nothin' ilse."

"Did yer ever eat 'em?"

"No, thank Heaven."

"Den how do yer know?"

"I've h'ard so. Shut up and don't ax so many qeshions."

"Say, boss?" said Reddy, after a long pause.

"Well?"

"I've got something in me pocket that'll be good to——"

"Give it to me!" cried Muldoon, eagerly.

"Why cert'nly," and the boy passed over a square object to Muldoon.

The latter set his teeth in it the first thing.

"And what's thot? Whin wor that sandwich made? Faix, I think it must have come out of the ark."

Nibbsey laughed and made some remark about taking his oath.

"I didn't tell yer it was anyting to eat, boss," he added.

"Well, phwat is it?"

"Pack o' cards."

"Well, me young Prince av Wales, an' what do yez propose doing wid the cards?"

"Play with 'em, o' course. It'll help to pass de time."

"Be heavens, ye're a ganius. What games do yez know?"

"Everyting!"

"Euchre?"

"Cert!"

"Pinocle?"

"Yes, and Sixty-Six, and all dem Dutch games."

"Nibbsey!"

"Yes!"

"I'll play yez a game av forty-five for a quarther a game."



"Make it Keroseno and I'll go yer."

"Cassino, is it?"

"Yes."

"All right. Cut for deal."

"Nine."

"And I hov six."

"It's your deal, boss."

The two players sat facing each other, with their legs outstretched, the candle stuck to the rock by its own grease, on one side, while Muldoon dealt out the cards.

The water came higher and higher in the cave, the sun sank lower and lower outside and the wind began to come up from out of the sea, but Muldoon and Nibbsey knew nothing about it.

The boy was as good a player as his master, and was a great stickler for observing strictly all the rules of the game.

"Twenty-one points, boss," he said. "Dat's better dan countin' out on every hand."

Muldoon got six in the first hand and five in the next, but Nibbsey had a sweep and so they were even.

Finally each had twenty and it was Nibbsey's deal, so that Muldoon had first count.

He let a lot of good things go, for fear his opponent would get a sweep on him.

Finally he had a chance to get an ace and he made a build, there being nothing else on the board.

Nibbsey had just the card to take it and made a sweep.

"Dat gives me out, boss."

"Begorry, I had three tins in me hand."

"Well, I had de other, and dat was enough."

"That's only wan game. Light another candle and give me the cards."

"Geel keep yer feet on de rock, boss!" cried Nibbsey, holding up the light.

"What's the matter?"

"De water is just chasin' us, dat's wot. If yer slip off yer are in de soup."

"In the wather, ye mean."

"It's all de same."

Muldoon looked down and saw that the water was within two feet of the top of the pillar.

"Nibbsey!"

"Yes."

"Have yez an almanac?"

"What fur? Do yer want ter learn de funny tings out of it?"

"No, but I'd like to know whin it's high tide."

"Never mind de tide, boss. It can't wash away de rock. Dere's one game on you."

That settled it.

Muldoon forgot all about the tide, and shuffled the cards.

He won that game by a couple of points, and then he suggested a rubber.

The water was now within a foot of the top.

"Dis game is mine, boss, and I gotter light up," and Nibbsey lighted three more candle ends, all he had.

They played on, and Nibbsey was in the lead, when suddenly a shout was heard.

Muldoon slapped down an ace in his excitement.

Nibbsey built it with the deuce of spades on the board and captured both with a tray.

"Dat puts me out!"

"Hello, pop!"

"Be heavens, it's Roger!"

Then Muldoon jumped up and kicked over a couple of candles in his haste.

They rolled into the water which was now nearly level with the rock column.

"Hallo, pop, where are you?"

"Here, an a rock just over the wather!"

In another minute a boat shot in sight.

Roger, the skipper and four sailors were in it.

"Here, hurry up, or we won't be able to get out."

"Don't you know that this place is full at high tide?"

"What in the mischief took you in here, anyhow?"

By this time the boat was right alongside the rock.

In another moment the two castaways were in it.

As the sailors gave way, Roger caught sight of the paraphernalia on the rock.

"Well, I never! Playing cards, and in another quarter hour they might have been drowned. If that ain't like pop every time."

"It's not like me at all," said Muldoon.

"Why not?"

"Becos I lost the game, be heavens!"

## CHAPTER XII.

THEY got out of the cave none too soon.

The entrance would have been too small for the boat to pass through in another five minutes.

"The fairies were always good to the Irish, annyhow," said Muldoon as they passed out.

"Say, boss, yer owe me a quarter," said Nibbsey, "and de pack o' cards wasn't mine."

"Wud yer luck at the young imp!" laughed Muldoon. "Barely

saved from dhrownin' and thin frettin' about the loss av a pack av cards."

"Dey was no fear of our gettin' drowned, boss."

"There wasn't!"

"Naw."

"How do yez make that out?"

"Why, we had a deck wid us, didn't we?"

"Ye'll niver be dhrowned," said Muldoon. "Hanging is the natheral fate for a bye that'll make jokes loike that just afther bein' snatched from a watery grave."

"It was a narrow escape," said the skipper, "for some of these small caves are entirely filled with water at high tide, and there is a particularly high one to-night."

Muldoon had had so many adventures, and had always come out of them right side up, however, that it took a good deal to make him nervous, and by the time they reached the vessel he was in his usual good spirits.

Fortunately Mrs. Muldoon and Kitty had known nothing about it, and so they had not worried, and no one explained.

"What med ye so late, Terry?" she asked her husband.

"Oh, we wandhered off to a greater distance than we thort," said Muldoon, lying with the greatest *sang-froid*, "and it tuck us longer to get back."

Mrs. Muldoon was satisfied, and it was a long time before she knew the real danger that her husband had escaped with his accustomed good fortune.

Muldoon kept away from caves when the tide was rising after that, and in a few days he left that part of the country and sailed for Belfast.

The Muldoons went only as far as Larne, however, and here they, Sir Desmond and Miss Kitty landed and took a train for Castle Connor, Captain Brooks proceeding in the America to Belfast.

The red-headed page would have been glad to go with the Muldoons, but he and the private secretary and the butler had to stay on board to keep up the style of the family until the latter rejoined them.

Sir Desmond's was a fine old castle with rooms enough for a regiment, a splendid park on all sides, a tower from which the surrounding country for miles might be seen, a dungeon keep where the Desmonds and O'Connors of old used to immure their enemies, a haunted wing which was never used, a splendid wine cellar, well stocked, and no end of legends and stories which cling to old houses the same as ivy and bats and dust and other romantic things.

It had its paved walk under the oaks, where the Lady Bridget Desmond or her ghost was wont to walk at the most unseasonable times; it had its old belfry, where the bells could be heard ringing for funerals or weddings whenever either was likely to take place, although there were no bells in it; it had its mysterious footfalls on the oaken staircase at dead of night whenever anything was about to happen, and many more queer things, enough to sink a ship.

You'll find all these and more in the works of Ouida, the Duchess, Rhoda Broughton and that gang, and so I'm not going to dwell upon them.

Muldoon's head was filled with that sort of stuff by the time he went to bed, and if he hadn't called in the assistance of a big jug of hot whisky punch, I doubt if he would have gone to sleep before morning.

He wasn't frightened or nervous or superstitious. Oh, no! but he would have been just as well satisfied if he had not been told all those stories at night.

As far north as this the sun sets very late at night and gets up very early in the morning during the summer months, and as Muldoon did not care to arise as soon as it was light, having sat up till after midnight, he drew the curtains of his great old-fashioned four-poster carved oak bed close about him and dropped off to sleep.

He had expressed a strange desire not to be put to sleep in the haunted wing, so he felt sure that he would not be disturbed.

Likewise having mentioned the fact that Mrs. Muldoon snored and that nobody need mind if they heard it, and having had the statement repudiated by Mrs. Muldoon, who declared that he would have to sleep alone, which he did, there was another reason why his slumbers should be sound and peaceful.

As a matter of fact, however, they were neither.

He had not been asleep more than half an hour when he was awakened by a light shining in his face.

"Sure, it can't be morning yet," he muttered, sitting up.

Then he observed that his bed curtains had been drawn aside.

Next he noticed a figure in armor, representing O'Neill Desmond or some one of the old members of the family, standing in the middle of the room.

"Faix, that tin sojer war agin' the wall whin I wint to sleep," he remarked.

Then to his dismay the man in armor began to glide slowly toward him.

"Tare and 'ounds, it's come to life!" he gasped, sitting bolt upright, while his curly locks straightened out and nearly lifted the nightcap from his head.

The mailed figure glided nearer and one arm was raised, slowly and painfully, and with a great creaking of joints.

"Kape off, ye Irish ghost, or I'll make junk av yer sheet-iron suit av clothes!" he gasped. "Phwat do yez want av me, annyhow?"

There was a lamp standing on a solid oak table a few feet away.

By its light Muldoon could see the helmeted head slowly move and then a masty voice responded:



"Who are ye, who intrudes in the halls of the Desmonds of old?"  
 "Who am I, faix? I'm Terrence Muldoon, Esq., av Madison avenue, New York City."

"I never heard of it," said the sub-cellar voice.

Muldoon was pretty well scared by this time and now, as the mailed figure advanced still closer, he jumped out of bed with a yell and rushed for the door.

He heard a clattering behind him, and, looking around, saw the man in armor in pursuit.

"Oh, glory, it's haunted I am!" he yelled.

Then he opened the door and dashed out into the corridor, yelling like blazes.

When he had gone, the figure of Sir Roderick went back to its corner.

It was wheeled there by Roger, who had done the talking.

The pedestal on which it stood was on castors, and could be easily moved from one place to another.

The armor was jointed, likewise, hence the movements which had so alarmed Muldoon.

The latter, meanwhile, had lost his way in the many corridors, passages and short cuts of the castle.

His cries had alarmed the servants, and presently they, Sir Desmond and Roger found him at the foot of some back stairs shivering with the cold and fright.

"What's the matter?" asked Roger.

"What are you doing out of bed?" inquired the baronet.

"I've seen a ghost," said Muldoon. "Sir Roderick came to me bedside and gave me such a fright that—"

"Nonsense! You were not sleeping in the haunted chamber at all."

"All the same, that ould tarrier wid the tin suit on him come to me bedside."

"Sir Roderick, you mean?"

"Yes, that's him. He shtands in wan corner of me room."

"But that is only a suit of armor, Mr. Muldoon."

"Too much punch, pop, I guess," said Roger. "Suits of armor don't walk."

"Faix this wan did thin, and chased me besides!"

"Nonsense!"

"Sir Roderick niver haunts the castle," said Sir Desmond.

"Faix, thin, he haunted it this time," said Muldoon, "for I seen him and spoke wid him."

"Nonsense, it was all imagination," said Sir Desmond.

"Or Irish whisky," added Roger, with a grin.

"Faix, I hope he'll not come again while I'm in the castle," said Muldoon. "I have no liking for being visited be ghosts."

Two of the servants escorted him back to his room and, after taking another big swig of the punch, he got into bed.

"Begorry, I'd ought to have loaded me pistols," he muttered.

"Thin av that thing had darred to molist me I'd have filled it full av holes."

However, he soon fell asleep, forgetting all about drawing the bed curtains, and in a few minutes he was snoring like a steam engine. He might have been asleep half an hour when he suddenly awoke, feeling an icy hand upon his forehead.

He jumped up and saw a tall, white figure standing in the moonlight.

"Howly sailor, what's that?" he gasped, starting up, the cold sweat beginning to pour out all over him.

"I am the Lady Bridget," said the spook in a soprano voice.

"I don't care who ye are," chattered Muldoon, shaking with fright.

"Go away and let me sleep quietly."

"What have you done with my angel, my sweet darling, my beloved Roderick?" shrieked the lady ghost, as she flew at Muldoon and grabbed him by the throat with her cold hand.

"Oh, murther!" yelled Muldoon, jumping back so suddenly that he rolled out of bed on the other side.

"Ha, ha! he murdered Sir Roderick, but I will be avenged!" screamed the ghost of Lady Bridget, jumping upon the bed. "Ha, I have him now—I have him now!"

"No, I'm blowed av yez hov!" gasped Muldoon, making a break for the door.

The Lady Bridget pursued him, but the Solid Man was too quick for her and reached the door in safety.

Out he dashed, yelling for help as though forty cut-throats were after him.

In two shakes he got lost again, and in a different part of the castle.

He woke every one up, however, and a lot of servants, Sir Desmond and Roger found him.

Roger, in the meantime, had thrown away a piece of ice and a sheet.

Once again had that festive young gentleman played ghost.

"Got another nightmare?" he asked.

"Dear me, dear me, Mr. Muldoon, what ails you to-night?" asked Sir Desmond.

"Faix, I've seen another ghost."

"Nonsense!"

"This time it wor Lady Bridget."

"Absurd!"

"Oh, but I'll swear it."

"But the Lady Bridget niver visits that wing of the castle."

"Maybe she came this toime as a favor to me, but she came, all the same."

"Oh, you must have been dreaming."

"No, sor, I wor not."

"Too much whisky punch, I guess," said Roger.

"Go an, yer falsifer," said Muldoon. "Whisky niver med me see spooks yet. I tell yez the whole place is haunted."

"No, it is not," said Sir Desmond, "only the eastern wing, and no one ever sleeps in that."

"Murtagh, have you a good, long, stout rope?" asked Roger of one of the servants.

"I have, sor."

"Bring it to Mr. Muldoon's room at once."

"Phwat are yez going to do wid the rope, Roger?" asked Muldoon, when his son had piloted him back to his room.

"Tie you in bed, pop. We can't have you roaming all over the castle every hour or so in your night shirt, yelling and scaring everybody."

"It's no fault av mine, be heavens! Let the spooks and hobgoblins keep away and I'll be quite enough."

"It isn't spooks, pop," laughed Roger.

"An' phwat is it, then?"

"Jim-jams."

"Go away wid yez!"

"Too much Castle Connor whisky—that's what it is!"

"Get out wid yer jokin'. Sure, I haven't dhrank enough to affect me that way."

"That whisky is two hundred years old, pop. It is powerful stuff."

Two servants presently came in with the rope, and Roger made Muldoon get into bed, while the men fastened him down securely, so that he could hardly move, in fact.

Then they all left him, taking the lights with them, and he was left alone.

After awhile he got to thinking, and came to the conclusion that Roger must have been right after all.

"Faix, I think it wor the castle whisky done it," he mused, "and I had a jag on me widout knowin' it. I'll let castle whisky alone afther this, be heavens! It's too powerful entirely. Two hundred years old, is it? Maybe Sarsfield used to drink it, and that's how he got so wicked, livin' in the same house wid it."

Half an hour later the dogs about the place began to bark for all they were worth.

That set all the roosters in the neighborhood and for miles around to crowing with all their might and main.

"Nice quite place this is," muttered Muldoon. "Sure a b'iler factory is a graveyard beside it."

Then, after a bit, a hunting party went by, tooting horns and shouting, and all the dogs began to bark again.

When these noises ceased the sun came up and shone square in Muldoon's eyes.

He could not draw the curtains of the bed together, but he did contrive to turn over, and finally managed to get an hour's sleep.

Not more than that, though, for at the end of that time Roger banged on his door and shouted:

"Hallo, dad! Wake up. We're all going over to the Coleraine fair. It'll be dandy sport, but we've got to make an early start to get there in season."

"To the divil wid the fair! I've had a regular Donnybrook time av it meself all night."

"Did you say all right? Very well, we'll wait for you, but you must hurry."

"Hould on, hould on, I did not say all right, I said all night!" yelled Muldoon. "Come and take off this rope. How do yez suppose I'm going to get up whin I'm tied down?"

"Oh, yes, sure enough," said Roger, with a laugh, and then he came in and released his parent from bondage.

"No more castle whisky, eh, pop?"

"No, sir, not a dhrop."

They had an early breakfast at the castle, and then all hands went to the fair and had a good time, although Muldoon was heard to declare that it was altogether too Irish for him.

There was plenty to see and lots to enjoy at Sir Desmond's, and the Muldoons could easily have stayed the month out, but there was the yacht lying idle, and so the visit was cut short at the end of a fortnight.

Muldoon invited Sir Desmond and Miss Kitty to go to Dublin with him in the America, and the invitation was gladly accepted.

In fact, it was generally understood by this time that Roger was to marry Kitty O'Connor whenever she was ready, and Sir Desmond was as much in favor of the match as any one.

His ward was worth considerable, but so were the Muldoons, so that Roger could not be considered a fortune hunter by any means, and as he was a fine young fellow, anyhow, there could be no possible objection to him, particularly as Kitty herself thought him the very best young man in all the world, and her first love in the bargain.

All hands went down to Belfast, and once more the yacht got under way and sailed for Dublin.

Other places were to be visited before they reached the capital, however, as Muldoon meant to do the country up in great shape now that he had a chance.

"It's not likely that I'll come over again," he said to Sir Desmond.

"It's not at all the place it wor whin I wor young, or ilse me idees have changed, and now there's no place in all the worruld like New York."

"It's the same old story," said Sir Desmond. "Childhood's impressions are very fine, but when we revisit the scenes av our youth after a long absence we think everything changed, when it's only us that changes after all."



"Thru for ye, Sir Desmond," said Muldoon, "but afther all it's betther to stick to the frinds ye've med than go back to those av long ago, for it's tin to wan they've forgotten all about ye."

"Well, I hope to see you often in Ireland, friend Muldoon."

"I'm afeard ye'll be disappointed thin, for it's not likely I'll be here again in manny a long year if iver I do come back."

At length, after various wanderings, they reached Dublin, anchored the vessel in the bay, whence sailed the fair young bride in the song, and went to Jury's Hotel opposite the college green.

The capital of Ireland is a beautiful city, and if it wasn't for the Liffey, more a canal than a river, which flows through it and is a mud bank twice a day, and an ill-smelling one at that, it would be entirely unobjectionable.

All the inhabitants are Irish, of course, but being born so they can't help themselves, and wouldn't if they could, more power to them, so perhaps that is no objection after all.

Muldoon's heart swelled with pride at beholding the chief city of his native land, and although he was not a graduate of Trinity College, as three-quarters of the American Irish claim to be, he was still glad to see the place again, and undertook to be the guide for the entire party.

"Ye must dhrive through Phoenix Park, do yer shopping in Sackville street, visit St. Patrick's Cathedral where there's the finest well in the wide worruld, dug out av the solid rock and where ivery wan, pagan or Turk, can dhrink, see the Zoological Gardens, av which there's no aquil anywhere, take in the old houses av parliament, go to the college, climb Nelson's pillar, cross the bridges, and there's no finer that I know of; in fact, take in all the sights of the most lovely city, barrin' none, in the whole——"

"Aha, pop, you're an Irishman after all," laughed Roger. "How about New York? You used to say no city could beat that."

"And they can't aither, me bye," said Muldoon, scratching his bald spot, "but av Dublin wor as big as New York it would bate the worruld."

"Never mind, pop, you won't be elected alderman again when you go home."

"Faix, thin, I don't need it, for I'm rich enough as it is."

"Then you'd be above temptation and that's the sort we want," laughed Roger, and Muldoon smiled.

Although he offered to show all hands the city, he took a walk by himself during the forenoon of the first day they were there, seeming to enjoy it more alone, for the first, than if he had been accompanied.

It was his blind luck, however, to be seen by one who bore him no good will, while never noticing the man himself.

Not to be too mysterious, for this is not a sensational story, the man was Sarsfield Hoolihan, Mrs. Muldoon's bad brother, the false friend, the disappointed lover, the hoodooed fortune hunter and general utility villain of the whole show.

"Aha, Terrence, so it's ye, is it?" he hissed, in true villain style, as he saw Muldoon crossing O'Connell Bridge to go up Sackville street. "I'll get even with ye, my man."

Seeing a big policeman on the corner, and all Dublin policemen are big, he pointed Muldoon out to him, slipped a half-crown in his hand and said:

"Do you see that man crossing the bridge—the one with the white hat, I mean, and the black silk umbrella and light suit of clothes?"

"That wan turning his head? Him wid the little whiskers?"

"Aha! that's the one. Do you know who he is?"

"I do not, not having the whole directory on me tongue."

"That man is the head of the American dynamiters and he's on his way now to blow up the post-office."

"Well, let him. I don't want to interfere wid anny wan who carries that stuff wid him."

"But there's a reward av ten thousand pounds for his arrest."

"Then why don't you arrest him yerself?"

"He knows me by sight and would blow me up in a minute. Wid ye it's different. Sure, he says that the queen is a better man than St. Patrick."

That settled it more than anything else.

Away went that big copper and got two other coppers bigger than himself.

Just before Muldoon reached the post-office, he was suddenly grabbed by all three policemen, his umbrella snatched away, his hat smashed over his eyes and his lovely patent leathers stepped upon.

From around one corner of the Nelson monument Sarsfield saw the arrest and chuckled:

"Aha, Terrence, when once you're clapped in an English prison on such a charge as that, it's little good your money will do you! Maybe you're sorry now you threw me into the water at Queens-town!"

"What's that you say, Mr. Hoolihan?" asked a voice, at the same time that a vigorous kick was planted at the base of Sarsfield's spine.

A little fellow had just come out of the little door which you have to enter if you desire to ascend to the top of the granite shaft.

Sarsfield Hoolihan turned quickly, and as he recognized Roger, he realized that the handsome young fellow must have heard everything he said.

"I wish it had been him instead," he muttered, as he sneaked away.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"In the name av all that's strange, phwat's the matther wid yez all?" cried Muldoon, when he managed to recover his breath after the violent assault by the coppers.

"You'll find that out at the guard-house," said one.

"Sind for a file av sogers, he's a desperate man!"

"Don't let the people get at him or they'll tear him in pieces!"

As several of the people heard this, you can imagine the excitement.

"Phwat am I arrested for?" asked Muldoon. "Sure I'm an Irishman and an honest man and mind me own business. For why am I subjected to this insult?"

"Ye'll have abundhant opporchunities to ax all the qeshions ye want before the judge."

The three men were proceeding to lug Muldoon off, when up came Roger.

"This is a mistake, my men," he said. "You have no right to arrest this gentleman."

"Roger!" cried Muldoon.

"Yes, pop."

"This is not wan av yere jokes?"

"No, it's Sarsfield's."

"Is that vilyan here in Dublin?"

"I saw him only just now."

"The robber!"

"Of what is this gentleman accused?" asked Roger. "I am his son and have a right to know."

"Sure he's an American dynamo, and there's tin thousand pounds reward for his arrest."

At this the crowd set up a howl, and things looked squally for Muldoon.

"Nonsense! He's nothing of the kind. He's a good American, and has been a policeman and has come here to give every peeler in Dublin a five pound note."

"Faix, it'll cost me a pretty pinny av I kape that promise," thought Muldoon. "There must be five hundred cops in Dublin."

"Hooroo!" yelled the crowd, who were now on Muldoon's side.

"Yes, and not only that, but he's come to Dublin to present the city with free drinking fountains that shall run whisky day and night!"

"Hooroo!" roared the mob again. "A mon like that shall niver be arristed."

"Don't be excited, my friends," said Roger. "This gentleman prefers to go before a magistrate. Please don't deny him that privilege."

"Faix, it's an env'y exthraordin'ry that bye ought to be," mused Muldoon. "I wor afeard there'd be a fight bechune the mob and the peelers in another minyute."

It was not far to the central office, and thither Muldoon was safely conducted.

Roger then learned upon what information Muldoon had been arrested, the officer describing Sarsfield perfectly.

The young fellow then told what he knew about Sarsfield, and what he had heard him muttering at the foot of the Nelson monument.

Muldoon was promptly discharged, and as the three officers appeared to be lingering, Roger whispered in his ear:

"You'd better keep your word to these three, pop. It may save you a heap of trouble."

"Give thim coppers twinty-five dollars apiece is it? Be heavens, this is not New York! Here, byes, me son wor joking whin he min-tioned that prisint av five pounds to aich av yez, but here's tin shillings apiece, and may ye niver have less."

"It's a gintleman ye are and I know yer, sor, is as kind and generous."

"It's yere turn now, Roger," laughed Muldoon. "Chip in, me bye. The ante is lowered, but av yez choose to give them five pound apiece, I know they'll not complain."

"Oh, he's not the wan to let his father outshine him in kindness or generosity," said the spokesman.

It cost Roger thirty shillings, that bit of taffy did, and then he and Muldoon took a cab and drove to the hotel.

"What are we going to do with Sarsfield, pop?" asked Roger, when they were rattling along.

"Have him arrested and put in jail, the sucker! It's no more than he deserves, be heavens!"

"Yes, but mother wouldn't like that."

"No, I suppose not, and yet the vilyan wor always a disgrace to the family."

"We'll have to let him think you are in jail, unless he takes the hint which I gave him and stays away."

"What hint wor that, Roger?"

"The only one that some men can take, pop."

"Wor it a kick?"

"That's the size of it."

"Faix, I'm glad av it. For Bedalia's sake, I don't want to put him in jail, and maybe he'll hang himsilf wid his own rope av we let him alone."

When he arrived at the hotel Muldoon had a chance to arrange his somewhat disordered toilet before Mrs. Muldoon saw him, so that no disagreeable questions had to be answered.

During the afternoon they all visited Phoenix Park, and in the evening went to the theater, where the Irish gallery boy was seen in perfection.

The next day they all went to the Vale of Avoca, saw the meet-



ing of the waters, viewed the Seven Churches, and spent the whole day in seeing sights, going back to the hotel pretty well used up.

Roger proposed going to the theater again, as there are plenty of them in Dublin, and they were all open; but Muldoon said he had enough of them, and was tired and wanted to recuperate for the next day.

Roger and Sir Desmond, the ladies and Captain Brooks went, however, leaving Muldoon at home with Nibbsey, who still wore his green velvet and buttons with an air peculiar to himself.

Muldoon was sitting in the coffee-room at nine o'clock enjoying a glass of punch, a newspaper and a cigar, when Nibbsey came hurrying in, went up to him and said:

"Say, boss, dat feller is out in de office now. He's got a cheek, he has, to come around after all dat's hap—"

"Aisy now, aisy, me young jumping Jack!" cried Muldoon. "To what person do ye have reference?"

"De black-whiskered bloke, o' course—him wot tried fur to steal Miss Kitty, and got yer arrested de oder day in—"

"Is it Hoolihan ye mean, me young chippie bird wid the red top-knot?"

"Dat's him, yer brodder-in-law, de cheeky bloke what tort Kitty Connor was mashed onto him, de ugly mugged—"

"And is Sarsfield in the hotel, do ye say?"

"Yep!"

"Where is he?"

"In de office, chinnin' like he owned de place. Told de head book-keeper not to trust yer fur any drinks, 'cos ye was—"

"Hould on, ye monkey, it's the head bar-keeper ye mean."

"Well, he told him anyhow, and he was giving 'em more guff about yer when I came away."

"Be heavens, now is a good time to lick 'um!" muttered Muldoon, finishing his punch. "Bedalia is out, and won't know nothin' about it."

"Yer'll find him out dere in de office, boss," chuckled Nibbsey, as Muldoon arose.

In two shakes the angry and indignant Solid Man was looking around the office in search of his victim.

Over by the front windows stood a group of three or four men, one of whom, in a long skirted black coat, gray trousers, and black silk hat, Muldoon recognized as Sarsfield.

The man partly turned his head, and Muldoon got a glimpse of a black mutton-chop whisker which further convinced him that it was the hated Hoolihan whom he perceived.

Rushing over to the group, he first smashed the man's hat over his eyes and then gave him a smart kick under the coat tails.

"Good-evening, me frind. I hope ye're well. How is that for payment av yer little joke av the other day? Come on, ye white-livered tarrier, and I'll give yez the rest I owe yez, be heavens!"

The man's companions all turned and looked in blank astonishment at Muldoon.

"What's the meaning of this outrage?"

"How dare you attack a gentleman in this cowardly manner?"

"Send for the police and have the ruffian arrested."

"Gintleman, is it?" laughed Muldoon. "Troth, Hoolihan is none, and I can prove it."

The man attacked now got out of his hat, and faced Muldoon, looking very mad.

He was not Sarsfield at all, although he bore a slight resemblance to the latter.

Either Nibbsey had made a mistake or had purposely misled Muldoon.

"Oh, begob, it's not Hoolihan at all. Faix, I beg yer—"

"My name is O'Hoolihan, sir, and I will not accept your apologies. I demand satisfaction—blood!"

"Faix, I didn't want to hurt ye at all, it wor anither mon I took ye for, and a dom scoundrel."

"Sir, I will not be taken for a scoundrel by any one. I demand satisfaction."

"But I have no quarrel wid ye, I tell yez," persisted Muldoon. "I mistook ye for Sarsfield Hoolihan, a rascally brother-in-law av mine, and I'm very sorry I subjiected yez to anny annoyance."

"That will not do, sir," returned O'Hoolihan, getting very red in the face, for when a man has an O to his name he is ten times worse than an ordinary Irishman; "I demand instant satisfaction, sir. There is my card, these are my friends."

"But I tell ye that it wasn't ye I mint to kick at all, and I beg your pardon."

The other had a notion that Muldoon was afraid to fight, whereas he simply wanted to avoid a fracas.

"I do not accept your apology, sir," he said, fiercely. "I have been insulted and nothing but blood will make me forget it."

"Oho, you wan't to fight, do yez? Yez will have it, whether or no. Very well, sor, I have a quite little room up-stairs where we won't be molested. There's two revolvers there and we can blaze away at aich other widout fear av interruption, and afther that carve aich other wid some fine bowie knives I have, and may the best man win. Come on, I'll show—"

Mr. Hoolihan with the O did not seem so desirous of fighting now as he had done at first.

"On the whole, I will accept your apology," he stammered, interrupting Muldoon.

That made the latter very mad.

"Ye're a crawler," he sputtered, "a contemptible crawler. Faix I tuck ye for yer betters, aven if Sarsfield is a low sucker and a vil-

yan. That for yez!" and Muldoon snapped his fingers in the man's face.

Muldoon, anxious to avoid a fuss and Muldoon ready and eager for a fracas were two very different persons and Mr. O'Hoolihan and his friends realized it.

Nibbsey stood grinning and chuckling near by, and if Muldoon had seen him he would have known just how much the boy had had to do with the mistake.

"Bah!" he said, leaving the group and nearly falling over young Buttons.

Five paces further on he suddenly came face to face with the real Hoolihan.

In fact, Nibbsey had seen the man first, but had afterwards mistaken the one with the O to his name for him.

The truth of the whole affair was that O was a third cousin or something to Sarsfield, but, being more high-toned, had put on the handle which had never belonged to him, while Sarsfield had remained just plain Hoolihan.

When Muldoon saw the latter he did something highly characteristic.

Sarsfield paled and attempted to retreat, but Muldoon caught him by the coat collar.

"Hould an, Sarsfield," he cried, "I'm not goin' to hurt ye! I owe yez some sort av ripperation. I took that mouse-brained, chicken-hearted son av a milksop over there for ye and kicked him. Bad as ye are, ye're not so mean as him. Come and have a glass av punch."

Sarsfield was not sure whether Muldoon was going to give him the kick intended for him, but he allowed himself to be dragged to the coffee room, where he was forced into a seat by the table Muldoon had lately vacated.

"Now, me young Jack-in-the-box," said Muldoon, to Nibbsey, "av ye'll just press the button and let wan av the attindants do the rest, I'll be obliged to yez."

In a few minutes a jug of steaming punch was placed in front of Muldoon.

"Sarsfield Hoolihan," he said, with refreshing bluntness, "ye're a liar and a vilyan and ought to be put in jail, but ye don't thry to crawl out whin a man wants to fight. Ye may run, but ye don't get an yer knees."

"I'm afraid ye haven't a high opinion of me, Terry," said Sarsfield, eying the jug longingly.

"Thru for ye, I have not. Ye have done me manny an avil turn, and av it wasn't for yer sisther, I'd break yer jaw and put ye in jail for life afther, be heavens, but I've met a worse mon than ye are to-night, Sarsfield, and I beg leave to congratulate me."

"It's me fifth cousin Ignatius you must have met Terry. I saw him in the hotel this evening."

"Niver mind him," said Muldoon. "The punch is getting cold. Here's looking at yez."

It was just like Muldoon to return a kindness for the evil the man had done him, and so nothing need be said.

The jug was finished between them, and by that time Muldoon was rather mellow.

"Have yez anny money, Sarsfield?" he asked.

"About two pounds, that's all, Terrence."

"Av I give ye the money will ye lave Ireland foriver?"

"Where'll I go? To America?"

"The saints forbid! No, I'm going there meself. I said to leave Ireland, becos I feared ye'd be gettin into trouble av ye stayed. Will ye go to China?"

"I'd rather go to Australia, if it's the same to you, Terrence," whined Sarsfield.

"Very well; call on me in the morning and I'll buy yez a ticket and fit ye out besides. I don't wish ye no harrum, Sarsfield, but av ye don't put as much space bechune ye and me as ye can, I'll put yez in jail or break yer jaw, I don't care which."

I may remark, in dismissing Sarsfield from this veracious history, that in three days he took his departure from Dublin, bound for Australia, all charges prepaid and with two hundred pounds, Bank of England notes, in his inside pocket.

As for Muldoon, he got what is termed very full that night by the time that Mrs. Muldoon had returned from the theater, but he looked so happy, so benovelent and so beaming with good nature, that she could not find it in her heart to scold him.

"I think Terry must have aither bo't me some new diamonds, h'ard some good news from America or arranged for Roger's wedding," she remarked, "and faix, av he wants to get as fall as a goat under those circumstances, I'll not say a worrud to him."

Roger wormed the secret out of Muldoon, however, laughed and said:

"I couldn't have fixed it better myself, pop. That boy is a treasure."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER another week in Dublin the Muldoons concluded to leave, go to Queenstown by easy stages, and thence sail for home.

Sir Desmond and Miss Kitty remained in Dublin, but there were reasons for this which will be seen later on.

Their first stop was at Waterford, a town of considerable size and importance, and here something happened.

Roger was not the only one who played tricks upon Muldoon, although he was the most successful, for some of the others occasionally took a hand at that sort of thing.



One pleasant afternoon, the first of their stay in the place, Private Secretary Bills concluded to roast his employer, just to show him that Roger did not enjoy a monopoly of the business.

Captain Brooks also thought that he might as well have some of the fun, but neither he nor Bills said anything to each other about the matter.

At the same time Roger had in his mind a neat little trick upon the secretary just to keep his hand in.

Frills the butler, the man never seen out of a dress coat, had also prepared a surprise for Nibbsey in return for the many larks which that lively youth had played upon him.

By no sort of prearrangement those four jokes were all timed to take place at three o'clock, in or around the hotel.

In the first place Bills was to send a letter to Muldoon from somebody who was supposed to be at the other end of the town, and when he got there, no such person was to be found.

It was not a new snap, but it was the best that Bills could do. He left the letter on the desk and told the clerk to give it to Muldoon.

Then he skipped into the reading-room to wait and see Muldoon start on his journey.

Just then Brooks' job began to eventuate.

He had sent a woman who washed clothes for a living to hunt up Muldoon and dun him for a bill.

His joke also had the flavor of antiquity about it.

The woman arrived just after Bills had retired.

Nibbsey happened to come into the office just then and Frills, who suddenly appeared, told him to show her into the Muldoon parlor.

Frills also had his little joke ready for firing.

As Nibbsey went off with the lady, a note came for Bills.

This was Roger's little racket, by the way.

Bills heard his name called and hurried into the office in time to see the lady go up-stairs.

The note was a mashing note and from a lady who requested him to meet her on the High street that afternoon at three.

The secretary jumped to the conclusion that the lady he saw was the one who had sent him the note.

He followed at once, hoping to catch her before she escaped.

Nibbsey went up to the sitting-room and stopped at the door.

"Is that where he is?" demanded the wash lady.

"Yes'm."

She bounced in at once, and got the snap intended for Nibbsey.

It was a pan of water balanced on top of the partly open door.

She got it solid, and it nearly took her breath away.

Nibbsey giggled, and just then Bills came up.

He rushed into the room, exclaiming:

"Ah, my angel, I have found you at last!"

The angel had a big fist, and she gave Bills the weight of it under the jaw.

"Well, I take me oat!" howled Nibbsey, slipping out.

Meanwhile, Frills had hurried up-stairs to laugh at the young red-head.

Bills, not liking that sort of treatment, retreated from the angry wash lady and bolted out of the door.

He rushed smack into Frills as he bolted down the hall and upset him in a hurry.

"Beg pardon!" said Frills, sitting down.

Then the wash lady came out and demanded to know where Muldoon was.

"Dere he is!" said Nibbsey, indicating Brooks, who now appeared in the hall.

"Faix, he's the very man that sent me!" she cried. "Oh, the vilyan!"

Then she rushed at the gallant captain and knocked his hat off before he knew what was coming.

Frills jumped up and went down-stairs.

"Letter for you," said the clerk, handing him the secretary's note.

He thought Frills would know that he meant the note was for the Muldoons, but Frills took it that it was for himself.

The note was not directed and demanded an immediate presence at the other end of town, being signed with the name of Maginness.

Off he started to keep the appointment.

Brooks got away and then the wash lady left.

Along came Mrs. Muldoon, who had been out for a walk.

"Just sent a letter up for Mr. Muldoon," said the clerk, as he let her in at the ladies' entrance.

On the floor of the sitting-room she found the mashing letter sent to Bills.

"Well, I niver!" she exclaimed. "I'm just a few minyutes too late. Terry has gone to keep the app'intment."

Just then in walked Bills and said:

"Lady to see Mr. Muldoon in the hotel parlor, ma'am."

"I'll see her meself," said Mrs. Muldoon, sweeping out with the note in her hand which Bills had dropped.

Bills had discovered that the wash lady, not his angel, wanted to see Muldoon, and he thought he would carry out the joke.

Down went Mrs. Muldoon to the parlor where she found a brawny looking woman waiting.

"How dar' ye write love letters to me lawful husband, asking him to meet ye at such a place! I'll not have it."

"Me, is it, me lady?"

"Yis, you. I suppose you are the writer of this note?"

"I wish I wor, ma'm."

"You wish ye wor?"

"Yis, me lady, I can't write nor read, more's the pity."

"Then all the more how dar' ye sind love letters to me husband?"

"Love letters?"

"Yis, this is wan."

"I don't know anything at all about thim. Is your husband the say captain with the goold on his hat?"

"He is not. What do you want with him?"

"Well, is he Mither Muldoon?"

"He is."

"Aha! Well, thin, I want wan pound tin for washing his shirts."

"Oh, glory! thirty shillings for a laundry bill?"

"Yis."

"He never had that much. It isn't me husband ye want at all. He doesn't sind out his shirts."

"Well, ma'm, the say captain tould me I was to collect it if I could. I don't remember the bill meself, but he said it was all right."

Mrs. Muldoon laughed, for she began to see through things.

"There's half a crown for ye, me good woman," she said. "Somebody's been humbugging ye, so they have."

"Thank ye kindly, ma'm," said the woman, as she went away.

"I must go and find Terry and prevint him from keeping that appointment," muttered Mrs. Muldoon. "I've lost too much time already be me mistakes."

She went out by the ladies' entrance at the same moment that Muldoon came in by the regular way.

She did not see him, nor he her, consequently.

Bills saw Muldoon come in and chuckled as he thought of the long walk before him.

The clerk did not think it necessary to mention that Mrs. Muldoon had just gone out, and Muldoon strolled into the reading-room to have a look at the papers.

"Hallo, secretery," said Brooks, who now came on deck again. "Come down to the vessel, will you? I want you to look over some accounts."

Bills hated to leave at such a time, but business was not pleasure, and he could not help himself.

An hour later Roger came in and went up to the family sitting-room.

Presently Mrs. Muldoon followed.

She had seen nothing of her husband or of any lady who appeared to be waiting for him.

"Where's your father, Roger?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"What sort of a letter is that for him to leave around?"

Roger read the note, his own, and laughed.

"Roger Muldoon, how have you the heart to laugh whin yer father gets mashing letters like that?"

"That was not sent to pop!"

"Who was it sent to then?"

"Bills. I sent it myself for a joke."

"Is that the truth ye're telling?"

"Honest Injun, ma."

Just then Frills came in down-stairs, hot and weary from his tramp. He found Muldoon in the reading-room and accused him of sending him on a wild goose chase.

"I don't ate wild geese and I sint ye on no such errands."

"But this letter, Mr. Muldoon?"

"I know nothing about it."

Roger came in at this moment and was questioned about it.

He read it, recognized the secretary's hand, laughed and said:

"Several snaps seem to have gone astray this afternoon, pop. This was intended for you."

"For me?"

"Yes."

"Did you send it?"

"No, but I guess it was intended that you should take that walk instead of Mr. Frills."

Just then Nibbsey came into the room chuckling.

"Well, I take me oat!" he said. "Hallo, old whitewashed shirt and swaller tails. Thought you was goin' to give me a duckin' didn't yer? Oh, boss, I tort I'd die laughin', I did."

"And for why did you think ye would expire wid mirth, me young frind?"

"Well, Brooksy he sent a old woman here for you, and she got de pan o' water his nibbs put up fur me."

"Yis, and what thin?"

"Old Quills, he thought it was his mash, and he ran up, but de lady gave it to him, biff, in de snoot!"

"Well, and what next?"

"Den old swaller tails he got a teller what Quills wrote to you, and he went all over town fur nut'n."

"More mislaid snaps," remarked Roger. "This seems to have been a good day for them."

"Heard de captain and de typewriter talking about 'em. Dey bot got left."

"That makes two rackets on you that hung fire, pop."

"Did ye invent thim?"

"Oh, no, mine always go off as soon as you pulled the trigger."

"Faix, I think the fairies were good to me to-day."

"You came pretty near getting it from ma, however, pop," laughed Roger, and then he explained about the note to Bills.

"Be heavens, I'm glad I wint out," said Muldoon. "Wid all thim snaps going around, I'd have been dhruv crazy."



"And I don't believe that anybody knew that anybody else was doing anything."

That was the funniest part of it, for nobody did.

At dinner time all hands found out how things had gone wrong.

They all had to laugh, and Muldoon smiled and said:

"I didn't stub me toe again a horseshoe for nothing, when I went out this afternoon. It's in luck I was."

After a couple of days in Waterford, a few flying trips of a day each to Tipperary, Kilkenny, Roscrea and a few other places, Captain Brooks took the vessel to Queenstown.

The Muldoons themselves did not go with it.

Instead of that they went back to Dublin.

Having been there once so recently, it might appear strange that they should go again so soon.

There was a good reason for it, however.

Roger was going to be married.

Sir Desmond and Miss Kitty had waited till the Muldoons had finished their tour of Ireland, and had meanwhile attended to several private business affairs of their own.

The consent of the chancery court had to be obtained, and then Sir Desmond resigned his guardianship.

When Roger and his parents returned to Dublin, everything was ready.

There was a quiet wedding in St. Patrick's Cathedral, with a breakfast at Jury's to follow, and a reception in the evening.

Sir Desmond had lots of friends in Dublin and they all attended.

Then he went back to his castle in the north, and the bridal party proceeded to Queenstown.

The tour of Ireland had been completed, Roger had found a bride, Muldoon had accomplished the wish of years, Sarsfield had been disposed of for good and all, there was nothing more to see, the time of the autumnal gales was approaching, and it was quite right and proper that they should depart.

The trim America sailed out of Queenstown harbor two days after the wedding, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Terrence Muldoon, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Muldoon and all the rest of the merry company, and in something less than a fortnight arrived safely in American waters, and thus came to a happy termination the memorable tour of MULDOON IN IRELAND.

[THE END]

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